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MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

BY

JOHN WALKER

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MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

BY JOHN WALKER,

MATTERSEA HALL, BAWTRY.

Doncaster:

PRINTED BY EDWARD DALE, HIGH-STREET.

1879.

TO THE GOOD AND TRUE

OF

ALL NATIONS, OF ALL CREEDS, OF ALL KINDS,

AND

ALL CONDITIONS,

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED

BY THE AUTHOR.

1879.

To the Reader.

In looking here, if thou shouldst find
What shall divert or please thy mind,
My task's fulfilled; if aught offend
Against thy judgment, gentle friend,
Cast not thereon a critic's eye,
But take the good, the bad pass by.

REMEMBER,

"That by the faults of others wise men correct their own."

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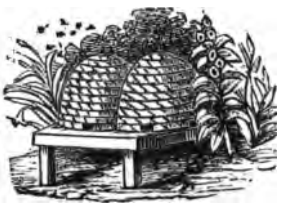

Miscellaneous Poems.

MY COUNTRY.

THOUGH earth may richer fragrance yield
In far off Eastern lands,
Though all with Beauty's stamp be sealed,
Fresh wrought from Nature's hands;
The sky may take a lovelier hue,
The sun shine "fiercely bright,"
The flowers may spring as "morning dew
Succeeds a summer's night."

Though colder be my native clime,
Its sun behind a cloud,
'Tis free from many an Eastern crime
For vengeance calling loud.
Though there they boast of many a charm
Possess'd by only few,
We've friendship here more truly warm,
And love as firmly true.

'Twas here I pass'd my boyish hours
In innocence and glee,
Here reason first put forth its powers,
And "fancy" roving free.
Here as elsewhere the grasp of death
Will break through every tie,
'Twas here I first inhaled by breath,
'Tis here that I would die.

HAPPINESS UNCERTAIN HERE.

LOV'ST thou Pleasure? She will lure thee
Onward by her poisonous draught,
Till the cup of pain too surely
To the dregs thou shalt have quaffed.

Lov'st thou Fortune? She'll deceive thee
If on her thou shouldst rely,
She most sure at last will leave thee,
For her favours, misery.

Lov'st thou Glory? Though so brightly
Glory's rays may seem to shine,
Can laurels on thy brow sit lightly,
Made by blood and misery thine?

Lov'st thou Woman? Though she cheer thee,
Suffering under fortune's frown,
By a thousand ties endear thee,
When griefs press the spirits down.

Be she e'er so fond or kindly,
"Death all earthly ties will sever,"
Ne'er pursue a phantom blindly,
"Love what thou mayst love for ever."

EARTH AND HEAVEN.

HOW quickly rent each tender tie
That binds us unto earth,
How soon we in the dust must lie,
That dust which gave us birth.

For oft we see the morning dawn
On one whose every look
Seemed from the well of beauty drawn,
Or health's quick-streaming brook.

And that same sun that rose upon
His life's bright seeming day,
May find him, ere his course be run,
A cold and breathless clay.

If here then thou a friend possess,
  Not merely so in name,
But one who seeks thy happiness,
  'Mid frowns and smiles the same,—

Thou hast on earth the holiest tie
  Was e'er to mortals given,
For though 'tis broken when we die,
  'Twill be renew'd in heaven.

"O LORD, REMEMBER ME."

SPEEDING on Time's uncertain wing
  Towards eternity,
Whilst to the world my heart would cling,
May I perceive its gilded sting,
  "O Lord, remember me."

If Fortune deck my favour'd brow,
  Oh! may I think of Thee,
To whom my more than all I owe,
And at whose name archangels bow,
  "O Lord, remember me."

But should Misfortune me attend,
  Yielding to Thy decree,
May still to Thee my prayer ascend,
And when to Thee my knee I bend,
  "O Lord, remember me."

Where'er, howe'er my lot be cast,
  Upon this world's wild sea,
May I not fear to view the past,
In every calm, in every blast,
  "O Lord, remember me."

And when Death comes with icy hand,
  And bids my soul be free,
When I approach the spirit land,
May I then join the blood-washed band,
  "O Lord, remember me."

HEAVEN.

WOULD'ST find a place of perfect rest,
To free from care thy troubled breast,
And satisfy thy soul?
Why seek it not? Because thy mind
In earthly joys would pleasure find,
Which pleasures always pall.

There is a loadstone placed above,
(Attraction's powerful agent, Love),
Will draw thine iron heart,
Safely to the port of peace,
If thou thy thoughts from earth release,
And from its snares depart.

Break, then, gay pleasure's silken chain,
Which soon or later binds to pain,
And raise thy thoughts above.
Where thou may'st be for ever blest,
Reclined upon thy Saviour's breast,
And cradled in His love.

LOVE.

BOTH love possess a charm for thee.
Its influence still should gradual be,
That when it reach its mid-day height,
Its flame may burn for ever bright.
The altar-fire being fed and fann'd
By constancy's unchanging hand,
'Twill be thy heart's best, surest treasure,
'Mid the gayest scenes of pleasure.
'Twill make its stream more smoothly glide,
Thee on its waves more safely ride,
And keep thy head above the tide.
Should pleasure seldom thee attend,
Still love will always prove a friend,
Will use its chaste and hallow'd power
To soothe thee in a sorrowing hour;

And should death blight the flower of love,
On earth 'twill only fatal prove,
It holds a germ from which shall spring
An everlasting blossoming.

HONOUR THY FATHER AND THY MOTHER, &c.

HAST thou a mother? Let her be
What a mother ought to thee,
Ever hold that mother dear,
Ever her commands revere.
Whilst youthful hours their blessings shed
In fresh'ning showers upon thy head,
And when manhood stamps thy brow,
Memory's stream will sweetly flow,
And hope's light breeze shall gently bear
Thy soul above each saddening care.
Hast thou a father? Thou should'st prove
As well to him thy changeless love;
He watches with a father's care
To keep thee free from many a snare,
And form thy future character.
'Tis he that gives the manly tone,
The mother softens it alone,
And soothes each harsh and jarring key,
To full and perfect harmony.

THE PRODIGAL.

HIS life had been a varied scene
Of infamy and guilt.
In danger stern he oft had been,
'Mid midnight revelry had seen
A comrade's life-blood spilt.

Had seen and never heaved a sigh
When many a former friend
Unto his last long home drew nigh,
Could calmly stand and see him die,
Nor prayer for mercy send.

But once he saw a mother kneel
Beside her dying son,
Tears down her cheeks did quietly steal,
She saw, and ah! what would she feel,
His sand was nearly run.

For him she wept, for him she pray'd,
Who, in a death-like sleep,
Heedless of all around was laid,
On one that scene impression made,—
His mother, too, could weep.

And as he heard those accents mild
Pour'd on their heavenly way,
He thought how he was once a child,
By sin's dark brand then undefiled,
He heard a mother pray.

He thought that she (an angel now)
Might still, with guardian care,
Attend one travelling with the flow
Of human guilt and human woe,
'Twas conscience 'waken'd there.

Beside the dying man he kneels
And pours the suppliant sigh
To Him who mercy still reveals,
When man his sin and misery feels,
He finds Him always nigh.

He left the place in alter'd mood,
Behold an instance there,
Though eating long-forbidden food,
He might neglect, but never could
Forget a mother's prayer.

CHRISTMAS.

OF Christmas many bards have sung,
And many poor have hailed the time,
Whose hearts by deepening sorrow wrung,
Still echoed back the Christmas chime.

For in the merrie olden time
The castle gates were open'd wide,
And minstrels told in olden rhyme
The deeds which were our fathers' pride.

But still the rich remember'd all,
That they possess'd the power to bless,
And welcom'd to the banquet hall
The widow and the fatherless.

Then let us in this golden age,
Think of the deeds of olden time,
Still let the poor our thoughts engage
That they may hail the Christmas chime.

Remember in life's spring we sow
The seed which summer ripens fast,
And autumn's blast and winter's snow
Are yearly records of the past.

See then if memory turn the page
Which tells the deeds of youthful prime,
She nothing find to embitter age,
Nought to make sad a Christmas chime.

AN ACROSTIC.

BEFORE the young life's curtains slow unfold,
Engage the eye and promise to the ear,
That nought but happiness await the bold,
So madly follow they their wild career,
Yielding to hope, and casting off all fear.

Gay pleasure's chariot wheels will cease to roll,
Look then beyond and scan thy future lot,
Employ old Father Time's unfolding scroll,
As record that the past be not forgot.
Do this, and when the hour of death draws near
Of this sad earth take leave without a tear,
What's past no sorrow bring, the future doubt
nor fear.

AN ACROSTIC.

FAIR and bright and joyous too,
Are the early hours of youth.
Ne'er may'st thou its sorrows view,
Never find the proverb true,
Youth's the only time for truth.

But keeping through the years of life,
Equal truth and equal hope,
Ne'er mayst thou endure its strife,
Safely with its trials cope.
Oh! may its fairer side be shown,
Ne'er its darker moments known.

ON THE THREATENED INVASION BY JOINVILLE.

WHY boasteth thou, France, of thy mighty power,
Of being quick at the call of danger's honour,
Or honour's least alarm?
Can'st not forget thy humbled pride,
Where nobler none nor braver died*,
Stay'd with their blood the battle's tide,
Against its powers a charm?

In friendship's bonds 'twere better far
Thy sister to bind, than in spoils of war
To still thy sons' wild schemes,
Who tyranny plan in liberty's name,
In murder seek the patriot's fame,
At reason's mark take wider aim,
Than e'en a maniac dreams.

Thou never can'st rule the ocean queen,
There is a barrier placed between
Her bright-won fame and thine.
No blood e'er crimson stains her steel,
But what is shed for freedom's weal,
In justice she can mercy feel
Both laurels round her twine.

* Waterloo.

Ready at once to answer the call
Of a brother oppress'd, though in whispers it fall,
  Her ships now plough the wave.
Shouldst thou again devoid of fear,
Stay her in freedom's glad career,
Thou'lt find thy sons a burial there,
  A sudden, watery grave.

Or should'st thou seek her peaceful shore,
Let her but hear thy cannons' roar,
  Thou'lt find a well-mann'd field,
There is not one in all her land,
But then would join the warrior-band,
Would living by his country stand,
  Or die her rights to shield.

Thou darest not send a steel-clad host
Upon the slave-deliverer's coast.
  For if her leopards crouch again,
They'll hug thee in such dire embrace,
That never one of all thy race,
Will dare again a foot to place
  Upon our sea-girt plain.

ON THE REDUCTION OF THE ARMY AND NAVY.

IN spite of her foes may old England still be
  The land of the loyal, stout-hearted and free,
May her flag o'er the ocean triumphantly wave,
To the aid of the injured, the helpless, the slave.
Though turbulent spirits should cause some alarm,
May the true hearts within her still shield her from
    harm.
And the man who begrudges the mite he may spend
In support of the men who his country defend,
Is not English in heart, is not English in blood,
And deserves not the home of the brave and the
    good.

PARODY ON BRAHAM'S SONG, "NEVER DESPAIR."

NEVER despair, though thy sins be as scarlet,
Crimson and red though as blood they may be,
The God who could pardon the Canaanite harlot,
Most surely can wash thy offences from thee.
By friends and by fortune should'st thou be forsaken,
Then throw upon Jesus thy burden and care,
Trust in Him with a faith that cannot be shaken,
Never despair, no, never despair.

Never despair, since God His own Son sent
For thee and for all of our once happy race,
On Calvary's hill He hath made an atonement,
Hath suffer'd, hath bled, and hath died in our place.
Only believe, and thou never need'st perish,
His arm is not shorten'd, but always laid bare,
The prodigal son to receive and to cherish,
Then never despair, no, never despair.

ON THE BIRTH OF THE HEIR APPARENT TO THE THRONE, 1841.

EMBARKED upon life's boisterous tide,
With all its varied ills to cope,
Welcome hither, "England's pride,"
Welcome hither, "Europe's hope."

Welcome to thy mother dear,
Welcome to her consort brave,
Welcome to the noblest here,
Welcome to the meanest slave.

Slave! I had but breathed the word,
When to my lips it backward came,
A term which never should be heard,
Which English lips should never name.

A free born nation greets thy birth,
  Two sister kingdoms with her join,
While people more remote on earth,
  Their humbler greetings round thee twine.

They wish thee more than thou may'st think,
  Without alloy will ever be:
Life's sweetest joys lie near the brink
  Of human, deep uncertainty.

But if thou shouldst a name preserve,
  Such as thy country's, famed and free,
Thou wilt richly them deserve,
  More than they have wish'd for thee.

When after long revolving here,
  Thy planet shall its course fulfil,
Thou shalt find thy proper sphere,
  For a system brighter still.

THE WEATHER EYE.

IN passing through this world of woe,
  Or dull or bright may be the sky,
Where'er you stand, where'er you go,
  Keep open wide your weather eye.

If friends should for your welfare pray,
  And vow for you they'd gladly die,
Whate'er they do, whate'er they say,
  Keep open wide your weather eye.

Each one may have a secret foe,
  Whom openly he might defy,
But to ward off a secret blow,
  Keep wide awake your weather eye.

If spooney for a woman fair,
  A maid should to the rescue fly,
Ere you her joys and sorrows share,
  Ope wider still your weather eye.

Thus then in every scene of life,
In pleasure's laugh, or sorrow's sigh,
To keep you free from care and strife,
Keep wide awake your weather eye.

THE FOXHUNTERS OF ENGLAND.

THE foxhunters of England are gallant men and true,
With joyous hearts and loyal, like the unchanging blue;
They know not to be fearful, in danger light and gay,
The foxhunters of England! what merry men are they.

Unlike the lovely flowers, they flourish in the cold,
Stern winter's blast but serving to make them firm and bold,
Their hearts and eyes delighted when old Reynard breaks away,
The foxhunters of England! what merry men are they.

Their pastime makes them happy, though at misery they sigh,
None sooner than the sportsman the orphan's tear would dry;
Utilitarian sages may wish their sport to stay,
But the foxhunters of England are kind as well as gay.

Then ever like true Englishmen may we join heart and hand,
To defend the sports and pastimes of this our native land,
May our daughters still be beautiful, and all our sons be gay,
Like the foxhunters of England, for merry men are they.

THE FUTURE.

THOUGH crime doth everywhere prevail,
Upon this earth of ours,
O'er high-crown'd hills and lowly dale,
Telling a "sad and solemn tale"
Of boasted human powers.

The christians look beyond and see
The promise God has given,
That once again this earth shall be,
From all its sin and sufferings free,
An offering meet for heaven.

The glorious rays of gospel light
Shall shine o'er all the world,
Before each heathen's gladden'd sight,
In radiance pure, in beauty bright,
The flag shall be unfurled.

Though Israel's sons are scatter'd wide,
Far from their fatherland,
The Saviour whom they once denied,
Shall show to them their stubborn pride,
His wonder-working hand.

The star of Bethlehem shall shine
Again o'er Sion's hill,
And all of Judah's favour'd line
Shall be restored by grace divine
(Their Saviour loves them still).

And when the Jews are gather'd in,
Then hear the promise given,
By one who free from guilt or sin
Made for us all an offering,
And pleads it now in heaven.
When Abraham's seed their land shall see,
Then shall the Gentile fulness be.

TO COBDEN, BRIGHT, AND CO. (1845).

YE meek apostles of a bastard creed,
Who preach the patience ye yourselves most need,
Whigs, Radicals, and Peelites, all combined
In one great class, to satisfy mankind,
That competition is the safest law
From which all nations happiness must draw,
That cheapness, howe'er gain'd, 's the gospel plan
Which links man closer to his fellow-man.
To know the cheapest market where to buy,
Is knowledge, worth an empire's destiny.
To find the dearest market where to sell,
A good unknown, for after years to tell.
Who teach the youth of Manchester to know
Each home-producer as its greatest foe,
That produce cheaply grown makes matters worse
To ease home burdens is a nation's curse.
That trade in wheat ought always to be free,
But trade in malt can ne'er unfetter'd be,
Though corn at cheapest prices must be sold,
The farmer still should pay his tax in gold;
Hear now a plain and quite unvarnish'd tale,
A tale quite true, and truth will e'er prevail;
On raw material if burdens dwell,
Why then the produce must be tax'd as well,
The farmer, who the poor must still maintain,
The point of cheap production ne'er can gain,
If road and county rates be charged on him,
His free trade prospect must be wondrous dim,
If home-grown barley heavy tax must bear,
I ask freetraders where's the freedom there.
If unrestricted strife be England's law,
Why then from it I this conclusion draw,
That every one, howe'er where'er he dwell,
His beer untax'd may drink, untax'd may sell.

Or if his taste a higher flight should steer,
Prefer French wine to home-brew'd English beer,
He then shall drink it at the cheapest cost,
No matter to revenue what be lost.
No—every tax must be on income laid,
Aye, every tax must be through income paid,
Without exception, favour (in degree),
In all exceptions there'll injustice be,
And property can ne'er be all assess'd,
Unless all taxes do on income rest.
For what is property when fairly stated,
Why, property is income concentrated,
And if by taxes property were swamp'd,
The thing would be by rank injustice stamp'd,
For to acquire some property, that notion
Keeps all the springs of industry in motion.
By indirect taxation, when remov'd,
A saving great must be to income prov'd,
And for that saving, this should be the cost,
Part go to ransom what that saving lost.
If from the toil and labour of the poor
Wealth now be made, 'tis made in income sure,
And so from income should the sum proceed,
To help the poor when he that help shall need.
If unrestricted strife be nature's creed,
If trade be free, let it be free indeed,
Taxation indirect can never be
A nation's system where the trade is free.

EPITAPH ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG MAN.

WITH youth's bright stream fresh flowing o'er his head,
Sudden the stroke that rang'd him with the dead;
Reader, from this a warning deep thou wilt do well to borrow,
Thy life, though now bright seeming, may spin out its thread to-morrow.

AN ACROSTIC.

EMERGING from the girlish dream,
Long cherished in life's early spring,
In-wreath'd within whose bright'ning beam
Zeal, hope and wayward fancy fling
A fair and blissful shadowing—

Hold now communion with thy heart,
And with the sky of life unclouded,
May'st thou so play thy genuine part,
Its winter's sun may ne'er be shrouded—
Long may good deeds their influence shed,
To ward off dark'ning sorrow,
Or if to-day all light be fled,
Ne'er fly or fear the morrow.

NATURE.

ADMIREST thou nature in every form
Of beauty and grandeur, of calm and storm,
In her trees, in her plants, in her fruits and flowers?
Admirest thou her when the thunder roars,
When the lightnings flash, and the torrent pours,
And disturbeth the work of her gentler hours?

Admirest thou her in the still calm night,
When the moon shines peaceful, the stars beam bright,
And nature seems hushed, whilst the dews descend,
But when the day dawns she blooms fresh again,
In beauty more bright to gladden each plain,
Whilst the sun burns with heat her sweets to defend.

And turnest thou not thy thoughts far above,
To Him who made all in His infinite love?
Who makes nature herself from her course to soar.
Who when she shall perish unmov'd shall stand,
Who gathereth the winds in His mighty hand,
And stilleth the voice of the tempest's roar.

Oh! make Him thy friend ere thy sand be run,
And then when thy work upon earth shall be done,
When the elements melt with fervent heat,
When nature herself with her works decays,
When Time dissolves in Eternity's rays,
Thou gladly thy God in the clouds shalt meet.

MAN DIETH AND WASTETH AWAY.

YEA, MAN GIVETH UP THE GHOST, AND WHERE IS HE?

"MAN dieth" is a truth which none deny,
For all confess that all must sometime die,
Some time or other death will claim his trust,
And man return unto his native dust.
Old Father Time himself, who is for ever flying,
Bears on his wings the motto, "Man is ever dying."
Should one deny he wastes away,—the worm
Will in the end that truth at last confirm,
Will feed upon the beautiful and fair
Until it leave no trace of beauty there.
The old and young must both prove in their day
The solemn truth that all must waste away.
"He giveth up the ghost," and who can say
That aught remains to animate the clay,
When once upon it Death hath laid his hand,
And life's fleet hour-glass hath run out its sand.
"Where is he?" Where? His body, in the grave,
From which no earthly arm had power to save,
His spirit where we know not, but where'er
It past at death, 'twill be for ever there.
The mortal and th' immortal shall unite
In endless joy or misery infinite.
Our fathers, ere the deluge,—where are they?
They lived as we, but they have passed away.
Whome'er we ask, methinks he could but say
(Our question his sole answer), Where are they?

All who since them have trod this earthly sphere,
And fluttered on like us, 'twixt hope and fear,
The old, the young, the noble in their day,
The coward and the hero,—Where are they?
And where are we? Where Fortune's richest smile
Lights down upon us in this favour'd isle,
The land which said unto the slave, "Be free,"
The queen of earth, the mistress of the sea,
The land of beauty and of bravery.
We are where every sin may be forgiven,
And we through Christ may be made meet for
heav'n,
There to join in the never-ending song
Of that all-blest and ever glorious throng,
Who link'd by ties, nor death nor hell can sever,
Sing praise to God, and to the Lamb for ever.

INFINITY OF THOUGHT.

FAR the blue sky above this little earth,
Which gave man's frame its origin and birth,
Deep rolls the sea above its hidden stores,
And heedless of them loudly storms and roars.
Though great and mighty sleep beneath its wave,
In birth the noble and in death the brave,
Their glory purchas'd by a watery grave.
Though lofty be the sky and deep the rolling main,
Man far beyond them both his soaring thought
can strain,
As deep as hell at times 'twill take its flight,
To scan the miseries of eternal night,
And high as heav'n again its pinions raise,
To trace the glories of those endless lays,
Which sung by saints their great Redeemer praise,
Which only proves what is at least most sure,
Being boundless in its range, for ever 'twill
endure.

CHRISTMAS.

LET each who has a home to own,
Each who a neighbour's hearth can tread,
Forget our climate's change and frown,
And count its blessings rare instead,
Shout, shout aloud the carol strain,
Holly and bay, and laurel bring,
For merrie Christmas comes again,
Royally greet the wintry king.

Old Christmas was a time of mirth
When our forefathers wielded brand,
And gave this little spot of earth
The ocean's vast and wide command.
Then well-pledg'd bowl and cheery song,
With merry dance pass'd on the time,
Amid a gay and friendly throng,
All summon'd by a Christmas chime.

And shall we in these days of peace
Enjoying all they for us won,
When riches, flocks and herds increase,
Such holy days neglect and shun?
No! One and all, in hut and hall,
This Christmas shall together bring,
At music's sound each foot shall fall,
To merrily hail old winter's king,
And every British heart shall sing.

There is no land like England,
First island of the sea;
There are no men like Englishmen,
So brave, so bold, so free;
There are no maids like English maids,
Beneath this sky of blue;
There are no wives like English wives,
So loving, leal, and true.

ON THE DEATH OF WELLINGTON.

MOURN, people, mourn, for a spirit departed
To the resting-place meet for the good and the just;
Mourn for the noble, the brave, and true-hearted,
The man whom in all things a nation might trust.

Mourn for the man who your enemies routed,
Where great men were gather'd the greatest by far,
In heart and in action a Briton undoubted,
A statesman in peace, and a hero in war.

When tyranny foul spread its chains all around us,
The world seem'd to crouch 'neath a wizard-like spell,
Who then could disperse the dark shadows that bound us,
But He who doth all things both wisely and well.

So God in His mercy and goodness untiring
Enabled old England a soldier to find,
Whom friends, nay a world for years were admiring,
Unwearied in body, undaunted in mind.

Then mourn, England, mourn for that hero departed,
To thy holy of holies his ashes we bring,
Side by side let them rest with the brave and true-hearted,*
Let every true Briton his requiem sing.

FINALE OF A SPEECH.

MAY this black cloud which o'er us sheds
Its shade of dark'ning sorrow,
Disperse in dewdrops on our heads,
And leave a sunbright morrow.

* Nelson, &c.

ON THE CHEERING OF MR. O'CONNELL IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,

ON HIS FIRST APPEARANCE THERE AFTER LIBERATION FROM ATTAINDER.

TIME was, when English hearts beat high,
And quick for England's right,
And when invasion threaten'd nigh,
Each tongue returned the battle cry,
Each arm was nerved for fight.

Old Scotia then sent forth her best
To guard her native shore,
The Emerald Isle, from east to west,
Her truth and constancy confess'd,
As oft she'd done before.

But now o'er hill and valley there
The traitor's voice hath been,
And Justice threaten'd if she dare
To rouse the lion from his lair,
Or poise her scales between.

And when the renegade appear'd
Upon the stage again,
'Tis said that he was loudly cheer'd,
As one who was to them endear'd,
Aye! e'en by Englishmen.

By men who wish again to be
Old England's wealth among,
As rulers of her destiny,
As guardians of the brave and free,
(May God prevent the wrong).

I think and say it without fear,
Let who will take my part,
The man who would a traitor cheer,
E'en though by ties of kindred near,
Must have a traitor's heart.

PARODY ON THE SONG,

"OF WHAT IS THAT OLD MAN THINKING?"

OF what is the old man thinking,
As he sits by the maiden's side,
From gaze or touch ne'er shrinking,
It wakens his bosom's pride.
No tears from the old man flow,
As he thinks of the time gone by,
His pulse, though beating slow,
Keeps pace with the maiden's sigh,
His friends around are drinking,
One cup he will surely quaff,
For of youthful days he is thinking,
As he lists to the maiden's laugh.

Without weak or vain repining.
He thinks of a by-gone year,
Though he feels his strength declining,
He hath for himself no fear.
There's a spell in each word she speaks,
That casteth its charm on him,
For the pent up strings it breaks,
It carols his morning hymn.
From the joyous scene unshrinking
He casteth aside his staff,
For of youthful days he is thinking,
As he shareth the maiden's laugh.

BEAUTY VERSUS BEAUTY.

SEEK'ST thou beauty? 'Tis a shallow
Web-like thing that soon decays,
Unless the mind with feeling hallow
Its sparkling, yet but rainbow rays.

For like the rainbow's colours brightest,
When it melts at once from sight,
So beauty should be held the lightest,
When to the eye it seems most bright.

But should'st thou in the eye find clearly
Language of the soul pourtrayed,
Thou wilt prize it still more dearly,
For its colours will not fade.

Tho' like the blue sky sometime clouded,
Its rays will only brighter shine,
If for a moment sorrow-shrouded,
'Twill wake to feeling more divine.

Who then the pearl of price can find,
Beyond all others happier he,
Beauty and a brilliant mind
Combined in perfect harmony.

SADNESS.

WHAT thinkest thou? Why dimm'd thy brow with care,
With every earthly prospect glittering fair?
Why thoughtful and dejected? when thy mind
Stories of enjoyment in itself may find,
Which like the widow's oil shall never cease,
The more they're used the more they will increase.
Delight they not? Thou still hast in thy power
In every way to enjoy the present hour.
What think I? Look, around me daily fall
The poor, the rich, in time forgotten all,
Or if remembered, 'tis but then to say
The praise or censure of their life's brief day,

And as their memory rose within my mind,
It seemed a self-directing spell to bind
My wand'ring thoughts upon a lowlier theme,
Than oft becomes a fluttering mortal's dream.
I thought when youth and health had fled away,
And death had marked me for a surer prey,
That I, though now so thoughtless and so gay,
Should leave this scene and be no more than they,
Whose bodies lie fast mouldering in the tomb,
Their spirits gone to await their final doom,—
When thoughts like these intrude, reflection's power
Will claim a silent and secluded hour.

THE HARVEST HOME.

WHEN first the stars together sang
(That gorgeous, nightly, glittering throng),
And ocean's surges loudly rang
The thorough bass of nature's song,
With neither labour, care, nor toil,
Its choicest blessings earth could yield,
And man and beast might share the spoil
Of Eden's beauteous heav'n-till'd field.

But guilt brought sorrow home to man,
He now by work alone must win
Food to mete out his narrow span,
Curtail'd by our first parents' sin.
But product of that sweat and toil
Are fields of bright and golden grain,
Reminding tillers of the soil
Of Eden on this earth again.

And whilst we here below remain
We know the promise freely given,
By Him who rules the land and main,
The Lord of earth, and air, and heaven.
That winter's cold and summer's sun,
The seed and glorious harvest-time,
Each in its course shall surely run,
Despite of human guilt and crime.

Our ships from other lands may bear
The food for which we Britons roam,
But English mouths will never spare
An English harvest's gathering home.
Numbers may go with every year,
Numbers increase in great degree,
And every grain that earth can bear
Will for man's comfort wanted be.

With thankful hearts then let us greet
The yellow harvest time's return,
And young and old together meet
With joy to sing and not to mourn.
The Lord of harvest to adore,
Howe'er at other times we roam,
To render thanks that he once more
Hath sent our harvest-gathering home.

UNCLE TOM.

THE virtues that grace our fallen race,
In liberty's soil are chiefly found,
And the brave and good have mostly stood
With footstep firm on Freedom's ground.

But I sing of a slave, both true and brave,
Who stemm'd the waves of sorrow's sea,
Who never look'd down 'neath a tyrant's frown,
His body was bound, but his soul was free.

When pain overcame his mortal frame,
His spirit ne'er quailed, but rose the higher,
For he then could prove that heaven-born love
Its votary helps through storm and fire.

His Maker's aid for his foes he pray'd,
His wish was kind to rich and poor,
He bow'd to the rod of a chastening God,
Who trieth the faith that is firm and sure.

His sorrows are past; he is safe at last
Where none but the perfect e'er can be,
He hath joined the band of that heaven-bright land,
Where body and soul are free.

THE DEATH OF THE CHRISTIAN.

HOW died he? Ask'st thou how he died?
In health and manhood's stateliest pride.
How left this world of care?
Did Death approach a welcome guest,
And find him waiting his behest,
As if expected there?

He died not in the maddening broil
Of battle's fierce and deadly toil,
When life-blood crimson stain'd the soil,
The hero fought to die.
And as he sank upon the plain,
Without a hope to rise again,
Could lift his head above the slain,
In shout of victory.

Yet still a hero, ere he made
His exit hence, in pomp array'd
He saw grim death and hell display'd
Before his fading eye.
Which sparkling with a heavenly light,
Before them once again grew bright,
And as he sank in deathly night,
He shouted victory.

For he had fought a well-fought fight,
And now unfurl'd before his sight
He saw heaven's banner waving bright,
And on it, "Welcome he."
Who seeks to win his Saviour's love,
His faith can by his actions prove,
Shall sing His praise in realms above,
Throughout eternity.

DIALOGUE.

SCENE: THE SEA SHORE. BROTHER AND SISTER.

HASTE, brother, haste, the tempest is swelling,
Haste, brother, haste, unsafe will be thy dwelling,
Hark, brother, hark, the ocean's loudly roaring,
Above the doom'd ship the sea-bird is soaring,
Near and more near the waves are dashing high,
And danger, brother dear, each moment cometh nigh.

I know, sister, well, that the tempest is swelling,
Well, too, I know unsafe will be my dwelling.
I hear shrill and clear the ocean loudly roaring,
I see above the ship that the sea-bird is soaring.
Near and more near the tide is running high,
And I feel that each moment the danger cometh nigh.

But I hear above all the cries of the drowning,
By the light'ning I see how the tempest is frowning,
How the ship to and fro on her side beams is heaving,
And I standing here with no chance of relieving,
Unless one more strong the surges defying,
Swim clear of the dead, the wounded and dying,
The hand then of help I gladly would reach him,
And ah! what a lesson this night it might teach him.

Brother, vain hope! for e'en now she is sinking,
And each soul on board death's full cup is drinking,
And now, brother dear, if e'er thou didst love me,
I entreat by that heaven which darkens above thee,
That now thou will leave that place fraught with danger,
Nor lose thine own life through love of a stranger.

But if thou'rt resolved to brave and to dare it,
Whate'er be the danger thy sister will share it,
If a corpse on the beach the wild waves should drive thee,
Or sink thee beneath them, I will not survive thee.
If thy doom be written by Death's blood-red feather,
Why then "we will die as we lived, love, together."

THE SEA.

HAST seen the dark sea wildly roll
Its waves upon the shore?
As if 'twere freed from all control,
And that shrill tempest's roar
Were only raised by chance or choice,
Nor listen'd to a ruling voice.

Hast thou not trod the pebbly bed
Which late those waves dash'd o'er,
And thought the sky above thy head
Would ne'er be troubled more?
So still and clear the prospect lay
Beneath the sun's unshaded ray.

When life hath shown its fairer side,
Quick gliding down the stream,
Thou on Dame Fortune's barque didst ride,
Nor aught but safety dream.
And when thy vessel tempest-toss'd
Hath by afflictions storms been crossed,
Hast thou not given up all for lost?

Consider then that One above
The wildest storm can still,
That safe embark'd upon his love,
Thou ne'er canst suffer ill,
If thou wilt only faithful be,
Thou'rt safe to all eternity.

For Satan's power hath never wreck'd,
And never could becalm,
A vessel by God's mercy deck'd;
There's need for no alarm
Of plague or famine, fire or sword,
Nor needest thou fall overboard.

Unto His love then safely cling,
And thou shalt safely land
With all who wedding garments bring,
Upon thy God's right hand.
For when the word to sail is given,
By promise led, by mercy driven,
'Twill anchor in the port of heaven.

BEAR AND FORBEAR.

O MAN, whose brittle thread of life
Upon so fine a web is spun,
That any moment fraught with strife
May see the winding clue outrun;
Man—whose existence at the best,
With lengthen'd days is but a span,
Keep well this precept in thy breast,
"Be patient with thy brother man."

"Bear and forbear" is life's best rule
In every dealing with thy kind,
A lesson taught in wisdom's school,
And after years its truth will find.
Should vengeance seem to be invok'd
By injuries for favours given,
To bear is something when provok'd,
But to forbear most pleases heaven.

When thy departure hence draws nigh,
If memory turn life's backward page,
The rule obey'd will meet her eye,
And half the pains of death assuage;
'Twill sooth thee sure in that dread hour,
If this should in thy favour be,
Who knows but He who hath the power,
May thus be led to bear with thee.

REJOICE, O YOUNG MAN, IN THY YOUTH, &c.

ERE sorrowing cares have press'd the spirits down,
Unmoved as yet by varying fortune's frown,
Whom nature gladdens with a smiling face,
And youthful vigour fits for pleasure's race,
With peace and plenty wide before thee spread,
And health's bright stream quick flowing on thy head,
The world before thee in its pride of show,
With all that points to happiness below.
In such a time then hear the wise man's voice,
And what saith he? He saith, "Young man rejoice."
What! when old age comes on with faltering pace,
And takes from thee thy dignity and grace?
No! in thy youth, let not the time pass by,
With well-knit form and beauty's sparkling eye,
Enjoy the moments as they pass;—in vain
We look for moments past to come again—
If honour prompt thee, or if glory fire,
Check not, turn not thy heart from its desire,
Where'er it points thee, take the onward way,
Enjoy thee in the sunshine of thy day.
Or hallow'd, or unhallow'd, 'tis the same,
If pleasure follow, reck not how it came.
If beauty tempts thee in its varied hues,
What fortune offers why shouldst thou refuse?
Mind not the ties which custom bids observe;
He that is bound by these does not deserve
A life like thine, but for thyself take choice,
Thy Bible tells thee, shouldst thou not rejoice?
Try every form of pleasure thou canst find,
For broken hearts or ruined peace of mind
Thou need'st not care in others, for thyself
Thyself was made, then spare not time or pelf
Thyself to gratify, but then! What then?
Whom thou hast listen'd to. Now hear again:—

Remember thou, for all and every thing
God will at last thee into judgment bring.
The rest implied, canst not the meaning see?
The fault is in thyself, and not in me,
But search the Scriptures, and therein thou'lt find,
A cure for the disease of such a mind.

WORDS TO THE GREEK COMPLINE HYMN.

EARTHLY things are full of sorrow,
Happiness they ne'er can bring,
Joy to-day brings woe to-morrow,
So sang Israel's wisest king.
He had trod the paths of pleasure,
Glory's rays around him shone,
Wealth and pow'r, and pomp and treasure
Held for him their brightest throne.

Vain and fleeting was this glory,
So heav'n's wisdom hath ordain'd,
Best of men, though fam'd in story,
Ne'er by worldly triumph gain'd;
Then to better lands and brighter
Let our hearts and thoughts be giv'n,
Earth's sad cares will press the lighter,
With a certain hope of heav'n.

EPITAPH.

BENEATH lies mouldering into dust
A once bright tenement of clay,
Thin-gilt whilst here by beauty's crust,
Though fretted now by Time away.
But when the last dread trump shall sound,
Transform'd from sleep it then shall rise,
In beauty far more bright shall bound,
To join its partner in the skies.

MISSION HYMN.

SOUND ye the trumpet, sound! to earth's remotest shore,
Let the glad tidings bound, and tell them o'er and o'er,
That none, not one need perish, if he will only come
To Jesus, who will cherish, and lead the wanderer home.

Though darkness cloud each land, and sin and crime prevail,
Dispers'd by His command, whose word can never fail,
They shall from earth be banish'd, like chaff before the wind,
To tell from whence they vanish'd shall leave no trace behind.

God hath his promise made, that all the world shall be
With righteousness array'd, as waters on the sea,
But waits to see what Gideon will gather by his side,
To cheer the gospel warriors on, across the ocean tide.

His promise hath been made, and ye who wish to see
His banner wide display'd, must set your colours free,
Show on whose side you fight, you're sure the guage to win.
God will defend the right, and bring you conquerors in.

And when the battle's won, and every foe put down,
He who hath nobly done shall wear a heavenly crown,
And sing through countless ages with all the blest above,
Not how God's vengeance rages, but how manifold His love.

THE PRETENDED PATRIOT.

(1846).

WHO best deserves the patriot's name,
To whom belongs the patriot's fame,
Who shall the patriot's guerdon claim?
The man who serves his country well,
Who loves his kindred and his friends,
His talents to no faction lends,
To no false subterfuge descends,
Of him shall after story tell.

Who hopes that honest toil may be
Rewarded as becomes the free,
Strains not the powers of liberty,
But strives for order and for peace;
Those blessings which must always dwell
In every land that prospers well,
For him the minstrel's song shall swell,
His strains of gratitude ne'er cease.

But he who for his private good
Dissolves the ties of brotherhood,
By which his country's welfare stood,
To serve himself would sink the rest,
Cares not for kindred or for race,
No sympathies of time or place,
For cheapness barter honour's grace,
Disgraces e'en his mother's breast.

'Tis said that blood its source will show,
Though times and seasons ebb and flow,
No summer rain or winter snow
Can wash away the admixture vile;
And England now a man contains,
Whose blood her high-born lineage stains,
Whose tongue from reason takes the reins,
When threat'nings dark his words defile.

Know ye him not, 'tis he, 'tis he
Who swears that civil war shall be
The risk of him who dares be free,
  Who stirs up poverty to crime.
Some fiendish spirit sure must dwell
Within his bosom false as hell,
Who calls for war he ne'er could quell,
  The curse of every age and time.

Then England, shake thy torpor off,
Become not every nation's scoff,
Thy false free plumes for ever doff,
  Before thou'rt generous be just.
To enrich a few make not the rest
A bye-word and a bitter jest,
Cradle no traitor to thy breast,
  And place in God thy hope and trust.

LINES WRITTEN IN A CHURCH PORCH.

WHO crowded round this hallow'd place
  So heedlessly are sleeping,
Heedless alike of Time's fleet race,
And Death, who round with solemn pace
  Is constant vigil keeping.

Daily and yearly by his power,
  Their numbers are increasing,
He never taketh from the store,
His power till Time shall be no more,
  Will constant be, unceasing.

Sinner, dost ask who're sleeping there?
  Some who like thee when living
Made pleasure or the world their care,
As if there no hereafter were,
  Or God would be forgiving.

Or dost thou seek a darker sphere,
By darker sins Him grieving,
Thou'lt find perchance a body here
That held a spirit void of fear,
Like thine, too, self-deceiving.

One who had walk'd in error's way,
The crumbs of pleasure gleaning,
Though conscience oftentimes would say
In voice as thunder threat'ning, "Stay!"—
Can'st thou mistake its meaning?

Christian! Dost ask who're sleeping here,
Thou'lt find one who when living
Shed over sin repentant tear,
Worshipp'd his God with filial fear,
And found Him all forgiving.

One who a crown of glory wears,
Which by his Saviour giv'n,
Frees him alike from pain and cares,
And who like him the cross now bears
Shall meet Him, too, in heav'n.

WRITTEN IN A PRAYER BOOK.

AN outward form of worship here,
Which thou may'st follow without fear,
But when thy lips breathe forth the pray'r,
Let thy whole soul be centred there,
For God, thy God, will not impart
His blessing to a prayerless heart.

THE SAME.

THY Bible first should claim thy tender care,
The way to heav'n thou'lt find recorded there
By that just God who every action views,
Whose eye the track of every thought pursues.
Form'd by the standard of that holy book,
This its first outline and its bearing took,
And by the aid of God's peculiar grace,
It claims the honour of a second place.

THE SEASONS.

WHEN the year is in its childhood,
And the violet in the wildwood
Tells spring is in its prime,
When the buds and blossoms grow,
And their fragrant worship throw
To the winds of heav'n, we vow
This is the happiest time.

But time is swift and fleeting,
And the year its manhood greeting,
The glorious summer gives,
When every creeping thing,
Each insect on the wing,
Its homage true doth bring,
To Him through whom it lives.

Next comes the autumn yellow,
Its fruits all ripe and mellow,
Making the year look old;
The fields of ripen'd grain,
Like Eden come again,
Make earth one beauteous plain,
With warp and weft of gold.

And then comes winter hoary,
Robs these of pride and glory,
And lays them in the dust;
But in Him whose sacred birth
Gave glad tidings unto earth,
Changed winter's gloom to mirth,
We place our hope and trust.

Having wandered through the wildwood,
And passed the spring of childhood,
The summer's ripening prime,
The autumn leaves being dry,
And wintry storms come nigh,
Still may we truly cry,
This is the happiest time.

With faith ourselves adorning,
We wait the dawn of morning,
  Our flag of hope unfurl'd,
And thus is winter dear
For hope uncheck'd by fear,
Sees day is drawing near,
  In the new and glorious world.

TWO WORLDS.

THIS world's an illusion, we're told,
  And vanity all that is giv'n,
Yet still for the fearless and bold,
  There is something on this side of heav'n;
The tiniest thing that we see
  Hath beauty each fibre entwining,
Though darkness all round us may be,
  The sun upon others is shining.
Then heed not a self-called prophet or seer
  Be kind to each man as a brother,
Who rightly enjoys this world whilst he's here,
  Prepares himself best for another.

Each flower that enriches the breeze
  Throws a worship aloft to the giver,
Each billow that boils on the seas,
  Each ripple that curls on the river,
Each tint of the bow in the sky,
  Each gale in the stormiest weather,
Hath beauty for ear or for eye,
  That braces both systems together.
Then heed not a self-styled prophet or seer,
  Be kind to each man as a brother,
Who rightly enjoys this world whilst he's here,
  Prepares himself best for another.

TO JOHN BRIGHT ON HIS REFORM BILL.

IN looking for great changes, John, in spite of all you do,
After hunting out abuses, you will leave abuses too,
As great perchance as those you found, greater perhaps, by far,
For men of peace might harm us more than e'en the costliest war.

And firstly, if our rating be of rent a rise or fall,
As erst by free trade brethren was asserted, one and all,
Your tenants then by property are entitled to no votes,
Unless possessed of something more not mentioned in your notes.

Then as to numbers, though you say that numbers widely spread
Are inferior to numbers with five stories overhead,
That the twisters of our cotton as 'gainst tillers of the land,
By some freshly coined consumption superior do stand.

Why for the poor chawbacons, I say I greatly doubt,
If patents of ability are by nature granted out,
To make our large town labourers better Englishmen at need,
Than those who from seditious tracts were never taught to read.

My poor opinion always was, that all interests should be
As fairly represented as becomes a nation free,
That right, not might, should be the guide, that man is still a man,
Whether a labourer on a farm or a city artisan.

Men's natures are their blood, in a tale of love we're told,
That these make them high or low is true as fire-tried gold,
For if our well-bred men in meannesses are found,
Why then like a potato, John, their best lies underground.

Education, too, and circumstance are the making of us all,
By these two lost or gain'd, most of us will rise or fall,
Some men from birth can reach them, if to themselves they're true,
Some by industry attain them, not the many, but the few.

That all wrong things should be righted, all right men will agree,
If by doing some but justice there don't great injustice be,
But making numbers all in all does not make numbers free,
For of this liberty to all comes loss of liberty.

In all times and in all places inequalities will be,
In earth, aye e'en in heav'n, there are systems of degree,
Sustained by the One Wonderful, who ruleth over all,
Who scans the boundless realms of space, and knows an atom's fall.

Then seek not with the infinite to measure finite wit,
Improve your station if you can, then be content in it,
Be thankful that two things I named to you are freely given,
And mind, who sells his birthright mars the brightest gift of heav'n.

A BRIGHT TO-MORROW.

THIS world hath aye some taste of woe,
To mingle with its pleasure,
And youth and age too surely know
The loss of earthly treasure.
The heart that beats with bounding joy,
Or throbs with wild delight,
May suffer soon from pain's alloy,
Its day be turned to night.
But keep this adage old in view,
'Twill ward the blows of sorrow,
The darkest day the world e'er knew
Had a bright and glorious morrow.

If called with worldly griefs to cope,
Their spirit-damp fall round thee,
Then light the candle bright of hope,
And burst the bonds that bound thee.
Keep still a bold and honest heart,
Offspring of truth and pride,
Sure then to nobly play thy part,
Whatever fate betide,
And keep this adage old in view,
'Twill ward the blows of sorrow,
The darkest day the world e'er knew,
Had a bright and glorious morrow.

If fortune's face should wear a frown,
And dangers thick beset thee,
Companions too on thee look down,
And earlier friends forget thee,
Troubles when fairly, stoutly met,
To lesser compass fall,
The heart that sinks and struggles yet,
At last shall conquer all.
Then keep this adage old in view,
'Twill ward the blows of sorrow,
The darkest day the world e'er knew,
Had a bright and glorious morrow.

ON THE DEATH OF LORD GEORGE BENTINCK.

MOURNFUL and sad my theme must be,
But English hearts will join with me,
And English tears fall fast and free.
For all the loss must feel,
Of one who like a meteor bright,
Burst on this nation's gladden'd sight,
Unfurl'd his flag for England's right,
And toiled for England's weal.

By nature noble as by birth,
He scorned the grovelling ones of earth,
He showed to men the pride of worth,
And won his foes' esteem.
Who is the poor man's friend, he cried,
Time in his circuit will decide,
And if we cannot stem the tide,
We then must turn the stream.

Though things assumed a dark'ning hue,
Whilst Britons to themselves were true,
No harm could well betide, he knew,
So kept him in the rear.
But when the danger gather'd round him,
Like Samson broke the withs that bound him,
Display'd the powers by nature found him,
Till carried on his bier.

His fight is fought, his race is run,
Yet bright as glance of mid-day sun,
The name he for himself hath won
Shall live in future story;
And though from earth for ever gone,
(Banish'd for aye the light that shone)
We'll hope he now stands near the throne
In yonder realms of glory.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

WHEN tyranny had caused alarm,
And freedom's sons were called to arm,
To fight for home and liberty,
When heav'n ordain'd the tyrant's fall,
The nations shouted, one and all,
That 'twas a glorious victory.

When the glad star of peace return'd,
Then bright the lamp of knowledge burn'd,
All strove in friendly rivalry,
To improve the talent they possess'd,
So that their sons have ever bless'd
The hour that gain'd the victory.

Now sin and guilt have ever been
The tyrants that have stood between
Man and his truest destiny,
Maintain'd a despot's fierce control,
Crippled the cravings of his soul,
Held him in abject slavery.

But when the gospel trump shall sound
From earth to earth's remotest bound,
And tell of Christ and Calvary,
Nations shall shout with loud acclaim,
All hallow'd be the Saviour's name,
And all eternity proclaim
The glory of that victory.

MIND VERSUS MATTER.

THE body may suffer from lingering pain,
Till nature of battle seem weary,
But still one may hope if the spirits remain
Under all things buoyant and cheery.

The shell may be bruis'd and batter'd in strife,
The glory of youth be departed,
But the laurel that's won in the battle of life
Belongs to the brave and true hearted.

Each action and word that proceed from a man
  Have effect on his future well-being,
And those which his fellows ne'er measure or scan,
  Are clear to the Pure and All-seeing.

The life-germ a shell shall form round it again,
  No pow'r and no time can e'er sever,
This body dissolves that now suffers from pain,
  The spirit-formed one is for ever.

I CANNOT LEAVE OLD ENGLAND.

A PARODY ON CARPENTER'S SONG.

I CANNOT leave old England,
  Howe'er my lot be cast,
For where I spent the spring of life,
  I'll face its autumn blast.
The ashes of my fathers
  Mingle with English soil,
So here I'll eat my daily bread,
  If earn'd by daily toil.
Though lured by gold the many
  To other lands should flee,
My heart-strings round old England
  Entwined for aye shall be.

I ne'er can leave old England,
  In far-off climes to roam,
For here reside my household gods,
  Here is my hearth and home—
My country, aye my country,
  By many a tie endear'd,
By every free-born soul belov'd,
  By every tyrant fear'd.
The home of merry childhood,
  The hearth which manhood prov'd,
Is England, dear old England,
  By freedom's self belov'd.

I will not leave old England
Whilst heart and life shall last,
To set my colours flying,
And nail them to the mast.
Resolved, if weal or woe betide,
In that same ship to sail,
Which my first launch in life beheld;
And when that life shall fail,
Mingling with hope of heaven,
My latest prayer shall be,
That England, dear old England,
My dust may rest in thee.

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE DIFFERENT SOCIETIES FOR IMPROVING THE PEOPLE,

MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT SOCIETIES, &c.

MEN of all ranks and classes, I hail with joy the plan
Ye take by social meetings to improve your fellow-man,
To show the world that England, though great her power on sea,
Has a power on land more mighty still to keep her people free.

Now as to worldly riches, 'tis aye the wise man's creed,
To lay by from gathering income what shall help his children's need,
Shall make them better partners in their country's woe or weal,
For interest link'd with principle keeps double edg'd the steel.

From the income of intelligence, of years and ages fled,
Our fathers left us stock-in-trade, the life-light of the dead,
And we must add unto the store, that so our sons may prove
Their fathers still the beacon-blaze to guide them from above.

Mind helping mind to strengthen is the best and surest way,
To clearer make the telescope which scans our future day,
It helps the finite eye to glance at the far off Infinite,
And dimly lights the viaduct, else dark as winter night.

How know ye, but the intellect that brightest shines on earth
May brightest be in that bright land which hails our heav'nly birth,
That wisdom soul-acquired on earth may help that soul above
To comprehend the mystery of God's eternal love.

But let not knowledge make you proud; for if ye loudly call,
This is great Babylon we have built, that Babylon will fall,
"God helpeth those who help themselves," let this your motto be,
Who trusts in God and helps himself alone is truly free.

Who helps himself helps others, and first of all the poor,
In mercy to the ignorant throw open learning's door,
And earn the poor man's blessing, so blessed ye shall be,
Of it "Heav'n keeps the register and holds the only key."

"GLORY TO THEE."

"GLORY to Thee,"—the first bright lay
Which welcomed in creation's day,
The strain which first in angel song
Echoed the heav'nly worlds among,
Which never shall exhausted be,
But lasting as eternity.
The orb which sheds his cheering light,
And makes this earth of ours look bright,
Proclaims thy glory and thy love,
Whilst every star that shines above
Such language utters, and shall man
(Whose sojourn here is but a span),
Neglect the homage Nature pays
In echoing forth her Maker's praise?
Man! of thy works the noblest, best,
Who holds enclosed within his breast
A germ immortal, which shall show
The glory forth in bliss or woe.
If, by sin's meteor light betray'd
He from the heavenly path hath strayed,
Let him the tottering plank forsake,
And on thy love firm footing take,
And it shall land him into bliss
Unknown in such a world as this,
Shall land him where (for ever blest)
He shall from pain and misery rest,
Shall join the white-robed blood-wash'd throng,
"Glory to Thee," the endless song,
To Thee, the ever good and true,
Its variations ever new,
Shall never tire upon the ear
Throughout one everlasting year,
But saints' and angels' lips inspire,
With hallow'd, holy, heav'nly fire,
And wake to perfect harmony
The regions of eternity.

CHRISTMAS, 1861.

PRINCE ALBERT'S ELEGY.

THIS Christmas again, and the holly-bush clingeth
Intwining with ivy to ceiling and wall,
The bell from the church tower merrily ringeth,
Glad tidings to each in cottage and hall.

But gladness comes mingled with deep shades of sorrow,
The gold of the miner is mixed with alloy,
The light of to-day may be darkness to-morrow,
And grief closely wait on our moments of joy.

Some whom we loved when the yule log was burning
Bright on the hearth of our Christmas last year,
And thought that the old king once more returning,
Closer would weld the links binding them here.

Some so beloved have thrown off the mortal,
Have banished the shell that encumber'd the soul,
Which soon shall be cloth'd with a vesture immortal,
And drink the rich draught from eternity's bowl.

A nation mourns one from his high place departed,
A Queen mourns her husband, loyal and true,
Full oft from her eye the tear drop hath started,
And grief fully claimed from the woman its due.

He died not on battle-field trampled and gory,
But death claimed his own in a milder array,
And we hope that his throne in the regions of glory
May be near unto His who was born on this day.

CHRISTMAS, 1873 or 1874.

THERE'S merry Christmas come again,
Close seated by the yule log blaze,
Whilst on its cheerful glow I gaze,
I wander back through memory's maze,
And hymn once more a Christmas strain.

When last the wintry king was crowned
The people's William had the sway,
For years he held the yea and nay
Which all must own and all obey,
All by one man's strong will were bound.

But liberty too widely spread
Becomes despotic after all,
Idols quick raised may quickly fall,
And robbery be Freedom's pall,
Equality to crime be wed.

When wealth acquired by us or ours
Becomes by usage concentrate,
And own'd by small as well as great,
'Tis then the duty of the state
To guard its safety by its powers.

Unsettle that which men acquire,
And industry's first prize is lost,
The straight firm line of duty cross'd,
The self-help ship is tempest toss'd,
The honest poor can ne'er aspire.

Let burdens for the good of all
On all with equal pressure come,
Let reason's voice no more be dumb,
But justice reckon up the sum,
And free us from all party thrall.

"Rest and be thankful" must not be
Our creed in this pulse quickening age,
But freed from democratic rage,
Our progress should be safe and sage,
And suited to a trade made free.

To gain a true and honest end,
Let means we use be truly just,
Root out the bad we surely must,
Embrace the body—not the crust,
But keep the good in holy trust,
The good will then our cause defend.

If produce must be cheap and free,
Producers should be free from thrall,
Upon consumers burdens fall,
Producers are consumers all,
And as consumers tax'd should be.

Then let us cease unseemly fight
In arguing this yea and nay,
Let each as he is able pay,
Collect the sum as best you may,
And leave the rest to God and right.

"YE WILL NOT COME UNTO ME THAT YE MIGHT HAVE LIFE."

JOHN v. 40.

COME unto me, the Saviour cries,
Hear ye for whom He bleeds and dies.
Ye will not come that ye may live
The life which he alone can give.
Come! sensual, worldly though thou art,
In His atonement thou hast part,
Howe'er deform'd by guilt or sin,
(The thief heav'n's gate hath entered in).
The mother gazing on her child
By sickness and disease defiled
(No longer beauteous and fair),
Can still discern her image there.
And thus it is, although the man
Through paths of guilt unheard of ran,
Although his heart be canker'd o'er
By crimes that few or none before
Have dared commit, his very soul
One hideous and corrupted whole,
No longer beauteous and fair,
God still discerns His image there,
And will, if man will only come,
In mercy's fount wash off the scum,

And bring him forth fair, pure and free,
As man (this side of heaven) can be;
And if he to the end endure
The world's neglect and frown,
He, if God's Holy Word be sure,
Shall wear the heavenly crown.

DONCASTER CHURCH BURNT DOWN (1853).

WHEN Israel's God for Israel fought
And scatter'd every hostile band,
And peace its heav'nly blessings brought
To Judah's highly favour'd land,

Then Israel's King rememb'ring well
Who raised Him to such high estate,
Bade notes of praise His triumph swell,
All own'd that Israel's God was great.

Earth's dearest treasures then were brought
To build a temple passing fair,
That Jacob's sons should there be taught
To praise the Lord of earth and air.

The gold of Ophir brightly shone,
The diamond and the pearl were there,
And rubies deck'd the costly throne
Rear'd to the Lord of earth and air.

One temple serv'd for all the land,
And all its sacred precincts trod,
To make with an unsparing hand
An off'ring meet for Israel's God.

So in this native isle of ours
Temples arise on every side,
Each grateful heart its tribute pours
To Britain's God and Britain's Guide.

One temple fam'd above the rest,
For outward form and hallow'd choir,
Has lower'd down its towering crest
Crush'd by (the earth's destroyer) fire.

But soon again its walls shall stand
In strength and beauty still more fair,
And rich and poor together band
To praise the Lord of earth and air.

Of Tyrian purple and of gold
The temple courts our fathers trod,
In Judah's palmy days of old,
Ere they forsook their Lord and God.

Then all your grateful tribute bring,
The poorest sure can something spare,
To build a temple rich and rare,
To serve their great, eternal King,
The Lord of heaven, and earth, and air.

HAPPINESS.

TO love and be belov'd again,
To gaze in woman's heart and see
That there they search for ane in vain,
To find a throb not heav'd for thee.

In this sad, selfish world to know
There's one who will thy memory bless,
Will weep if death should lay thee low,
For thee and for her loneliness.

Who in her heart of hearts doth wear
Thine image in its brightest hue,
And who from thence its stamp would tear
Must first break that fond heart in two.

Who this ne'er knew, knows not the bliss
Which was to our first parent given,
And which in sin-stain'd scenes like this
Links joys of earth with those of heav'n.

TIME.

PULLING HARD AGAINST THE STREAM.

ENGLAND boasts of deeds of glory,
On the land and on the sea,
That, as long proclaim'd in story,
All upon her soil are free.
Freedom needeth some divining,
All that seemeth is not free.
Stars to-night so brightly shining
Soon might fall or cease to be;
So then, if you truly love your brother,
Prize his fair and honest fame,
Honest be with one another,
Give each thing its proper name.

If a man, though poor and humble,
When misfortune presseth sore,
Keepeth straight without a stumble,
Upright till the danger's o'er,
Striving with a firm endeavour
For the honest and the true,
Toiling, but dependent never,
With the future aye in view,
Thou shalt prize him as a worthy brother
Ever let him notice claim,
And describe him to another
By his true and proper name.

If a man, though high in station,
In the pride and pomp of state
Shall forget in dire temptation
What is good and truly great,
Though the many bow and flatter,
Reckon it a common thing,
That it is a different matter
'Twixt a beggar and a king,

Thou shalt never call that man thy brother,
Though he may thy pity claim,
Better feelings never smother,
Call him by his proper name.

If 'twere custom with the many,
As the noble-hearted few,
To discard and banish any
Who forget the good and true,
Then mere pure were England's glory,
All her sons more truly free,
And her name in future story
Famed for right, not might, should be.
So then, every sister, every brother,
As you prize old England's fame,
In your dealings with another,
Give each thing its proper name.

CHRISTMAS.

MANY have told of the days of old,
What rare old times were they,
But we can show as blithe a brow
In this our later day,
When the Christmas chime proclaims the time
To be merry, and wise, and gay.

Each eye looks bright at the gladsome sight
Of friends assembled round,
To quit the old year with a hearty cheer,
Which makes the roof rebound,
Whilst the Christmas chime proclaims the time,
Should with true good cheer be crown'd.

Then let us fill with right good will
And our bumper toast shall be,
May the coming year that is drawing near
Old year prove good as thee.
When the Christmas chime proclaims the time
Should be passed o'er jovially.

When the winter of life begins its strife
And our end approaches nigh,
May our hearts be as light, our prospect bright,
Undimm'd by a tear our eye.
May the Christmas chime proclaim the time
And hallow our memory.

IRELAND.—FENIANISM.

ERIN, first and fairest isle,
O'er which all nature once could smile,
That loosen'd fancy well might deem
The land, a land of fairy dream.
The charmèd leaves whose potent spell
Can serve the finder wond'rous well,
Could not with all their elfin power
Have added grace to fortune's flower,
For nought could make her more endearing,
This gallant sea-girt isle of Erin.

Amid the brave, her sons were brave,
To baseness they preferred the grave,
With common friends and common foes,
The shamrock blended with the rose,
In pleaded cause or open fight,
Their watchword, "God defend the right;"
And in the pride of victory's hour
They ne'er abused the victor's power,
For all her sons were dutiful,
Her daughters bright and beautiful.

Such Erin was; what is she now?
Let her own deeds her shame avow,
The mid-day murderer treads her sod,
Fearless of man, of law, or God.
A murderer in purpose fell,
Unmatch'd e'en by the powers of hell,
The very devils blush to see
Their own inferiority,
And cry amid their fiendish jeering,
"Erin go Bragh! Hurrah for Erin!"

When shall the end of these things be,
When Ireland's self sets Ireland free,
When priestly craft shall cease to bind
In bigot chains the people's mind,
When men, like men, once more shall feel
Their interest in the public weal,
And know their sins are not forgiven
By priest or prelate, but by heaven.
When this shall happen, Erin, then
Thou shalt be Erin once again,
Thy sons shall all be dutiful,
Thy daughters bright and beautiful.

PENNY READINGS.

WOULD you win for yourself a worthy renown,
Far better than claim'd by college or gown,
Seek it not in the toil and the triumph of war,
But in wisdom hard gain'd laurels brighter by far,
And tell unto others whate'er you may know,
What does good to the high does no harm to the low.

Though fools may deride and the ignorant ban,
Education improves and makes better the man ;
Makes the rich understand the true usage of wealth,
Makes the poor man to see labour waits upon health.
Whate'er you may know publish wide unto all,
What does good to the great does no harm to the small.

As science progresses and knowledge is spread,
War will be in its nature, so awful and dread;
Whole armies will perish whenever they close
In the deadly embrace known alone unto foes,
That men will be certain the adage to prove
This world was ordain'd to be govern'd by love.
Of learning throw open the portal and door,
What did good to the rich ne'er did harm to the poor.

ACROSTIC
ON LADY BEACONSFIELD.

B WAS was the bright beacon-light of his youth,
E the eye eagle keen searching for truth,
A was the Augur his fortunes foresaw,
C the cool helper in weal or in woe.
O was the circle affection entwined,
N the new honours to honour assigned,
S was the subtle in Council or fight,
F the firm faith in the right against might.
I was the intellect granted by heav'n,
E the enrichment that labour hath given,
L was the love to the state he hath shown,
D the distinction bestow'd on his own.

AN ACROSTIC.

A ROUND thee are blooming the spring flowers of youth,
New freshen'd in beauty by sunshine of truth,
Ne'er, ne'er will they wither, if the heart but be true,
And the tendrils be moisten'd by joy's gentle dew.

May life's golden summer be kind as its spring,
And hours of contentment and happiness bring,
Refresh'd by the breezes that gently will blow,
Imbuing with fragrance the flowers as they grow,
And ripening the seeds that spring time may sow.

Can autumn demand a harvest more rare,
Alike free from trouble, regret, and from care,
Rejoicing to pass from the summer of life
To a winter that's free from the thraldom of strife.
When thou shalt approach the Jordan's dark brink,
Repulsive to nature, may nature not shrink,
In the hope of the future the waters divide,
Guarding safely the passage across the dread tide,
Heaven's glory the beacon to light thee on high
To the land where unknown is sorrow or sigh.

THE BATTLE OF THE ALMA.

THE moon withdrew her peaceful light
'Mid winds' and tempests' roar,
And outer darkness ruled the night
On the Crimean shore.
As if to mark a despot's reign,
Nature played tyrant too,
And left her traces marked by pain
On France and England's crew.

But when the morning kissed the sky,
With joy its beams they hail'd,
And vows to conquer or to die
From heart and tongue prevail'd.
In England's records of the brave
That day for aye we'll keep,
With memory's scars keep fresh the grave
Where Alma's heroes sleep.

To guard that strong embattled height
Was Russia's proudest boast,
But vain her might in open fight
'Gainst our united host.
Though shot and shell around them fell,
Though steep were Alma's banks,
Nought could them stay, they kept their way
With firm, unbroken ranks.

In danger's hour they showed the power
That mind o'er matter bears,
That front as bold as in days old
The soul of freedom wears.
On that dread morn, low and high born
Proved worthy of their sires,
Like Roman bold, whose hand 'tis told,
Burnt in the Tuscan fires.

By fire-side blaze on wintry days
  Fathers their sons shall tell,
How all on Alma bravely fought,
  How some as nobly fell;
That thus they proved how well they loved
  The land so "famed in story,"
Which e'er shall be both "famed and free,"
  Old "England, Europe's glory."

PARODY ON THE "ISLAND HOME OF AN ENGLISHMAN."

THERE'S a land beyond this earth of ours,
  In purest of beauty bright,
Perfumed with breath of the sweetest flowers,
  And sparkling with endless light.
The men who led a holy life,
  Who did no neighbour wrong,
Endured in love, forbore all strife,
  To this heav'nly world belong.
'Tis a glorious land, deny it who can,
The land of the saint and the righteous man.

There's a flag shall wave o'er every sea,
  Where winds or waters roll,
To teach men how to be truly free,
  From zone unto either pole.
For those who tread the gospel deck
  Are good men, true and brave,
They know no fear of storm or wreck,
  There's one above can save.
'Tis a glorious flag, deny it who can,
The flag of salvation held out to man.

There's one who watches with constant eye,
The wronged and the weak to defend,
Who hears His children whene'er they cry,
The widow and orphan's friend.
He nurtures a deep and a holy love,
Fresh flowing from mercy's side,
And cherishes fondly as a dove
Those who on His truth relied.
'Tis a pearl beyond price, deny it who can,
The blood that was shed for perishing man.

The christian may roam through every land
Where shadow of sun doth fall,
For he knows the Saviour's last command,
To publish His word to all.
Let the guilty wish his soul to save,
His sins to be forgiven,
He bids him look beyond the grave,
To Him who reigns in heaven.
'Tis a glorious charter, deny it who can,
To be named in the prayer of a righteous man.

THE RUSSIAN WAR.—CHRISTMAS.

THE Christmas chime aloud proclaims that
Christmas once again
Has with the closing year come round, then shout
the carol strain,
Ne'er could we meet that happy time with prouder,
worthier glance,
The "Jack of England" waves beside the "Tricolor
of France."

In bygone times in castle old, the wand'ring minstrel
sang,
And the rich burden of his song through vale, o'er
mountain rang,
Whose hand had dealt the stoutest blow, who
foremost in the fight,
Against his country's foemen stood for freedom and
for right,

To welcome merrie Christmas then the wassail bowl
went round,
And first in beauty's service then the bravest might
be found,
Whose challenge bold to all the world was proved
by deeds of worth,
That the island home of England was the bravest
upon earth.

And now when Christmas comes again, heap yule
logs on the fires,
And whilst around them we recount the glories of
our sires,
We'll truly boast that England's sons in battle never
bore,
Or truer hands or nobler hearts in palmiest days of
yore.

That with the progress of the mind the body need
not wane,
But its firm enduring standard uninjur'd can
maintain,
To prove old England's prowess great by land as
well as sea,
And let each Christmas find us still as glorious and
as free.

CHRISTMAS.

IN olden time when Christmas came,
The Druid sang his lay,
And lighted up a sacred flame
To greet that sacred day.

Then, christians, how should you receive
That festive time's return,
Let kindness show your hearts believe,
Let there the altar burn.

When by your own frail nature brought
  Your neighbour's faults to scan,
Remember Him who always taught
  That man is but a man.

Then shout amain a glorious strain,
  To greet that glorious day,
That you forgive all foes who live,
  'Twill match the Druid's lay.

THE RUSSIAN WAR.

THE floating oak of England sweeps now the
  Eastern seas,
The Union Jack of England spreads boldly to the
  breeze,
To show the world that English hearts for others'
  woe can feel,
That English hands are still as strong and true as
  English steel.
She who was once our deadliest foe in friendship by
  our side,
Stands with us in this hallow'd cause, to stem
  oppression's tide,
To teach this kingly tyrant that religion ne'er can be
For rapine and for robbery a safe and honest plea.
God speed ye, France and England, for holy is the
  fight,
For ever let your watchword be, "May God defend
  the right,"
And strike for right as hard a blow as e'er was
  struck before,
When our forefathers fought and bled in glorious
  days of yore.

In feudal times of England thus then the adage ran,
That "they shall take who have the power, and
they shall keep who can,"
But now a brighter, holier law is through the world
ordained,
That so the balance-beam of power in order be
maintain'd.
Against this law of nations offence has now been
given,
The tyrant breaks the laws of earth by pleading the
laws of heaven.
But heaven by man will not be mocked, and in its
chosen time,
Will check the despot's mad career, give him the
meed of crime.
God speed ye, France and England, for holy is the
fight,
For ever let your watchword be, "May God defend
the right,"
And strike for right as hard a blow as e'er was
struck before,
When our forefathers fought and bled in glorious
days of yore.

Let each man fight as if his life were guarded by a
charm,
As if the issue of the war hinged on his single arm;
Let each man pray to God above as if to Him alone
He trusted to uphold the cause each freeman calls
his own,
Then fear not for old England, the birth-place of
the free,
She still shall be the "Queen of earth," the
"mistress of the sea,"
And teach to nations yet unborn the lesson to her
given,
Till all this sin-stained earth become the counter-
part of heaven.

God speed ye, France and England, for holy cause ye fight,
For ever let your watchword be, "May God defend the right,"
And strike for right a harder blow than e'er was struck before,
Strike as your bold forefathers struck in glorious days of yore.

THE YOUNG MOTHER'S DEATH.

IN a neat and humble dwelling, whilst the gentle breeze was swelling,
And a glorious summer sunshine proclaimed a summer's morn,
A woman lost her sadness, and her heart was fill'd with gladness,
For a son unto that mother, a man to men was born.

When the autumn leaves were falling, thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
That the best of worldly beauty is only for a day,
She pray'd that heaven in kindness would forgive a mortal's blindness,
Nor permit her earthly treasure so soon to pass away.

When winter's cold returning show'd nature was in mourning
For the year that to its fathers was gathered into rest,
With a mother's love caressing, that mother breath'd a blessing
For the child with nature's instinct close clinging to her breast.

The winter's cold declining found spring her flowers entwining,
And the earth as for a bridal in gayest wreath was deck'd,
But that home had lost its gladness, and each heart was fill'd with sadness,
For a fair but fragile vessel in death's calm pool bewreck'd.

To that mother's prayer to heav'n an answer had been given,
And the father bow'd him humbly, although his grief was wild,
For he knew that day of sorrow was to her a glorious morrow,
That God had claimed the mother, and in mercy spared the child.

CHRISTMAS, 1868.

THERE'S merry Christmas come again,
With all its gladness, all its joy,
Then shout again the carol strain,
In pleasure clear of pain's alloy,
For though the sky may be o'ercast
With clouds too dark for England's weal,
They'll vanish like a transient blast,
Or noisy, harmless thunder peal,

Fear not for England, you shall see,
If she her duty well fulfil,
Her influence great beyond the sea,
Though she her blood no longer spill.
Let wealth its burdens fairly bear,
Its varied duties take in hand,
Let labour earn its honest share,
According to a just demand.

A nation's wealth should help its poor
When they that help shall justly need,
Then labour hath an open door,
To find its natural price indeed.
The saddest sight to mar our joy,
And occupy each statesman's mind,
Is man who willing for employ,
That fair employment cannot find.

Let each in England take his share
Of burden as his wealth may be,
'Twill not be burdensome to bear,
Make all the land one parish free.
The employed and the employer then
No unions for their help will need,
But all alike will act like men,
Supply and its demand their creed.

Labour in England fairly spread,
When badly paid as quickly moved,
Will let its countless mouths be fed,
And all its younger minds improved,
Self help is a most glorious plan,
Misfortune only alms can need,
A working independent man
Is the result of this my creed.

THIS WORLD.

SOME people call it a dear world,
Some people call it a drear world,
And some people call it a queer world,
For great as well as small.
Sinners make it a bad world,
And saints make it a mad world,
But we'll near make it a sad world,
Its a bright world after all.

THE ROAD RIDING HUNTSMAN.

I'LL sing you a queerish song, made by a queerish pate,
Of one who ne'er could hunt his hounds at aught like hunting rate,
Whose own opinion of himself in spite of all is great,
Who as I think outside a horse should never more be sate
Unlike an English huntsman of the merrie olden time.

When at a cover side he stands his voice is always mute,
Except sometimes a mutter springs as from a broken flute,
As for urging hound or horse along, he can't be such a brute,
His view of gateways ne'ertheless is terribly acute,
Unlike the English huntsman of the merrie olden time.

And if the hounds go straight away, the Whip must take his place,
Whose utmost wish is always to be foremost in the chase,
No epicure in hunting then can ever blame the pace,
And if at the death halloo he can only show his face,
'Twill remind him of the hunting of the merrie olden time.

But all at last must yield to fate, if fate would then decree,
This huntsman's seat on his arm-chair in future time should be,
Instead of on the pigskin we again perchance might see
As good a chase, and better pace, than ever used to be,
In the days of English hunting in the merrie olden time.

THE CHOLERA.

DREAD scourge of the nations whose pestilent breath
Foreruns but a moment the message of death,
What, what is thy nature? Let intellect tell.
A draught from the grave-yard, or vapour from hell?
Man's wisdom is boasted, but here is at fault,
To save the assaulted, prevent the assault,
Then what is thy nature, thou pestilence, tell?
A draught from the grave-yard, or vapour from hell?

The Almighty has always had people on earth,
His own by adoption, his chosen by birth,
Unto whom He vouchsafes His grace to afford,
That they unto others may tell of His word,
But keep for their sons the heritage given,
The brightest and best of the lands under heav'n,
And teach them to glorify Him whose decree
Is "They who shall honour me, honour'd shall be."

Then England, hast thou fulfill'd His command,
Whose blessings descend in showers on thy land?
Hast thou scorn'd the oppressor, and helped the oppress'd,
In the hour of their trial reliev'd the distress'd?
Have rulers of thine in their councils of state
Look'd up to the power that first made them great?
Hast thou kept for thy sons the heritage given,
Of nations the glory, the honour'd in story,
The brightest and best of the lands under heav'n.

If such thou hast done, no fear need be thine,
The hand that hath chasten'd thee still is divine,
And will in the end thy troubles dispel,
And show to the world where His favour doth dwell.
If thy rulers neglect to acknowledge His hand,
Lose sight of His power, disobey His command,
Then woe and dishonour thy portion must be,
And the curse of the Highest will cleave unto thee.

ON THE PRESENTATION OF A SILVER CRADLE

TO THE MAYORESS OF RETFORD, IN HONOUR OF THE MAYOR, 1871.

THOUGH summer flowers are faded, and summer hours are gone,
The Day-god's glory vanished which then so brightly shone,
Though autumn's leafy grandeur and its golden tints are o'er,
And the fields their cornflower worship can offer up no more,
Though the land may seem in mourning, its surface bleak and sere,
Still there are charms and beauties in this old age of the year:
For Christmas brings his hollies, with their berries red and bright,
The wassail bowl and music bidding heavy hearts be light.
Then friendship throws her banner to farthest thread unfurl'd,
To publish peace and happiness still broader o'er the world.
So now when Christmas comes again the backward page we turn
Of memory's records held by her, in her own self-keeping urn,
To see what deeds of goodness have in the year been done,
And recognise their value e'er the new year's rising sun,
That so our sons in after time may see the beacon bright
Their fathers lighted up to greet the honest and the right.

Now Retford's Mayor has done his best within his native town
To spread content and happiness and ward off fortune's frown,
Shown full respect to rich and poor, to peasant and to peer,
To orthodox and heterodox hath lent a listening ear.
His proudest boast and honour for others' good to live,
For public weal and duty his public life to give.
And so we meet together now by costly gift to prove
That we true worth can value, that honesty we love,
And steadfast hope we entertain that she whose timely birth
Made cradle of the gift we chose to show her father's worth,
Will duly teach her sons to prize this gift of friendship true,
And keep the deed recorded in their memories ever new.
But ere this come may he whose deeds give honour to the past,
Be long secure in life and peace, free from misfortune's blast.
Look forward to the right and true, and for the good of all
May he and we and all agree to hold our festival.
To her who shares his fortunes may time no sorrow bring,
By children's children's children may she see the cradle swing,
Until for deeds of honour, for living leal and true,
Some one of them by neighbours' gift receive a cradle new.
And when our spring is ended, our summer with the past,
The sky of yellow autumn too with clouds being overcast,

When e'en the hoary winter with its frost and snow
is here,
May we still confess the glory of this old age of the
year,
Though the eye hath lost its brightness, and the
weary step is seen,
May our hearts still stand the weather and be
always evergreen.

THE GIRLS OF ENGLAND.

I LOVE the girls of England,
So innocent and free,
Quick turning on life's hour-glass
In girlish, artless glee,
Soon passing off from childhood
Their woman's part to play,
In grove, or dell, or wildwood,
Who happier than they.

The girls of merrie England
Her women soon will be,
And the worthier the women,
The worthier sons we see.
Amongst our olden proverbs,
Ne'er equall'd by the new,
This, "As the mother so the son,"
Is seldom found untrue.

Then men by deeds of kindness
Keep woman's heart in tune,
Her cheeks will bloom the brighter,
Like summer rose in June,
For influence tells forward,
And if good sons you'ld see,
By goodness train the woman
To mould their destiny.

LIBERAL CANDIDATURE.

I'LL sing you a queerish song that was made by a queerish pate,
Of a fine young English Liberal whose self-esteem is great,
Who'll promise anything you wish, upset both church and state,
If you'll ensure the seat to him left vacant now by fate,
Just like an English Liberal, one of the present time.

Uncompromising Liberal he, fearless of social ban,
The widening realms of liberty at once he'll freely scan
To see if voting can be put upon some secret plan,
But gather votes at home; oh no, that makes too free the man,
To suit a Liberal candidate, one of the present time.

The way to kill all sinful hares, by law he'd make so free,
That any scamp might roam at large, o'er hill and vale and lea,
Break down the fences and the gates in independent glee,
Whilst law of trespass all the while should unamended be,
To suit a Liberal candidate, one of the present time.

The farmers and the tradesmen he avers are grumblers vile,
Who have no cause for discontent, nor reason for the bile,
They shew at paying every tax which now is all the style,
Whilst floating capital goes free from burdens all the while,
Which suits a Liberal candidate, one of the modern time.

But Nottingham has yeomen true, has voters firm
and bold,
Who know the worth of sounding brass compared
with sterling gold,
Who by false-coated arguments will not be bought
and sold,
Who'll only vote for something new when better
than the old,
As every Englishman should do in this or any time.

PROLOGUE DELIVERED AT RETFORD,

APRIL, 1867.

A PROLOGUE is a simple thing, but still requireth time
To put it in a welcome form, and shape it into rhyme,
And those who plann'd your programme here gave
little time to me,
So I must ask that of all faults you'll most
indulgent be.
Now mind and matter differ much, so sapient sages
say,
Though each upon the other acts from youth to age
so gray,
And when the life-germ soon shall quit the shell
that holds it here,
The spirit world in thought appears, is viewed
without a fear,
As in the case of Henry's Queen, whose vision clearly
bright,
Passing beyond her tyrant's power, setting at naught
his might,
Beheld a world bedeck'd with flowers and pure with
sparkling light.

You next shall hear the whisper which lovers know
so well,
For no loud words the thoughts express in lovers'
breasts that swell,
And well we know the foolishness of those who kiss
and tell.
A friend who seeks the good of all and thinks upon
the plan
That best secures the freedom and the happiness of
man,
Will now address you, and his words flow easily
and free,
To show us from the good we have the better that
may be.
All things do seek their Author's praise, the waters
of the deep
Pour out the bass of nature's song and never sink to
sleep.
And to the lake more peaceful far, a music may
belong
The gondolier can never match, though tuned to
love his song.
Though evening now is far advanced we have a
morning call,
And when we're pressed with worldly cares and
time is all in all,
To get us through this earthly strife and free us
from its thrall,
How pleasant then of course must be a friendly
morning call.
'Tis sweet to dream of those we love in visions
bright and fair,
For castles best and strongest built are castles in
the air,
And life would be of little worth, if things we daily see
Were coloured not with thoughts of what we wish
that they should be,

A man invests the thing he loves with all he deems
most bright,
Thrice happy if the sunny side turn always to the
light.
What next you hear I do not know, a man who
standeth well
In credit of his townsmen hath something good to
tell,
And he who teacheth well the young, I say without
a fear,
May give what old and middle aged may do right
well to hear.
Draw not the curtain, let him see the lov'd one once
again,
Who prizes pleasures by their loss will surely suffer
pain,
And when first love is rightly formed no second e'er
will be
As true in thought, as pure in deed, as firm and
fancy free.
Now sweet be your repose to-night, but list ere you
depart,
To one who caters for your good, and largely would
impart
All that could improve the head or better make the
heart.
A man who maketh mousetraps may win a woman's
love,
And over one more dignified may still a victor prove.
We cannot tell whence love may come or whither it
may go,
For women are capricious still, 'twas nature made
them so.
Down amongst the lilies who would not wish to
stray,
The modest bridesmaids of the earth, with garments
rich and gay,

The wisest king the world e'er saw was ne'er array'd
like them,
Though deck'd with Ophir's brightest gold and
many a brilliant gem,
Chosen for beauty to adorn an eastern diadem.
A sketch of this night's work I now have given you
complete,
One favour I shall ask of you before I take my seat.
The prologue that I gave last year the audience
seem'd to please,
Consider this and that for once as like as are two
peas,
Then with the loudest, sweetest tones that are at
your command,
Pray God to bless our gracious Queen, and guard
our native land.

ON HEARING FATHER IGNATIUS LECTURE AT SCARBRO'.

LAST night I went to hear a man whose acting
was sublime,
Enthusiastic for the past he cursed the present time,
Would make this nineteenth century in practice and
in thought
Like those when monks forgot the world and on the
passions wrought
To make men kindred ties ignore, shut out the outer
world,
And keep a flag of vengeance dire before their eyes
unfurled;
As if the great first Cause of all could not His order
keep,
Unless that men should sack-cloth wear, and women
fast and weep,

Deny themselves the just results by toil and labour
earned,
To spread that wealth with liberal hand which then
is well returned;
The poor will always take a share from generous
men and free,
And for this nineteenth century there's some excuse
and plea,
That charity too freely spread creates a pauper band,
Our nation has been often cursed by the too liberal
hand,
There's now for men in England employment fair
and free,
Well recompensed and justly paid as all such toil
should be.
Then as to worship of the cross, which was repeated
oft,
Enough that many a saint was shocked and many a
sinner scoffed
To see a man turn up his eyes to ivory and to
wood,
The emblem of the bad, as well as of the wise and
good,
The symbol of the body's pain, but not the spirit's
throe,
Which in the garden was endured, surpassing
human woe,
And by them both combined there was a full
atonement made,
For sin of Adam which can now to no man's charge
be laid,
Because the Saviour to the God the fullest ransom
paid.
When man shall sin commit he must look up to Him
in heaven,
And by his intercession there must hope to be
forgiven.

The cross is emblem of the past, but with all ill to cope,
Upon Christ's intercession man must place his future hope,
By His imputed righteousness man's own may be confessed,
And he through all eternity have happiness and rest.
But for a mortal man to claim some revelation given
By God himself, that he and his shall surely be in heaven,
Is making finite wisdom to the Infinite attain,
Is shortening God's prerogative for egotistic gain.
For if a righteous man forsake integrity of life,
Forget his Maker and himself in bitter hour of strife,
Where lies his chance of being saved, for if in guilt he die,
Why then he will most surely pay the ordered penalty.
The Bible doth this truth declare, and though enthusiasts claim
The palm of virtue for themselves, this truth remains the same,
"Who doeth ill shall suffer ill," but not from vengeance dire,
For God is not a man that he would judge a man in ire.
And spite of monkish bigotry, this world at last will be
A brighter and a better world, more glorious and more free.
To teach men right to practice let our banner be unfurled,
True knowledge spread to civilise and educate the world,
To show man's interest clearly is to never do a wrong,
That nations too, though separate, do each to each belong.

For every sin inherited was full atonement made,
Transgression actual must precede all ransom to be paid;
A child commits no actual sin because it knows no sin,
Some men no laws have known but those their utmost hearts within,
And they who well obeyed those laws, though glimmering was the light,
Fulfilled their mission in this world and entered one more bright.
The few who christian faith profess are not the saved alone,
For nations, peoples, kindred tongues are ranged before the throne.

ON HEARING FATHER IGNATIUS AND OTHER FALSE TEACHERS,

AT SHEFFIELD.

BECAUSE a man does not receive as Gospel all he reads,
Because a man does not believe the all-damnation creeds
Which self-styled Fathers often try to palm upon the poor,
But to the rich all peace deny and screw up mercy's door,
To make the way more narrow still, and narrow though the way
The whole wide world could never fill if it the right obey;
Because a man may think this world was meant for good employ,
No flag of vengeance sees unfurled to mar all earthly joy,

Beholds this world as bright and free and to become
more bright,
God's worship can in all things see without a
priestly light;
And how can that man cursèd be whose life is in
the right?
These teachers false deny all truth, all earthly good
disown,
And of their own construction raise a standard of
their own,
For judgment of their fellow-men, who looking up
above
Prefer the verdict of a God who judges all in love.
Now traitors to the Infinite claim that by Heaven's
decree
Their passport there is now made out, whilst others
damned must be.
Declare this outward world ordain'd for nothing but
our scorn,
That wealth should never be obtain'd, and that all
men were born
Science and knowledge to ignore become like monks
of old—
But we prefer the monks of yore to monks we now
behold,
Since printing quicker wisdom brought, their
mission now is o'er,
What missals and their records taught is needed
now no more,
The charity they then doled out would now increase
our poor,
And let men earn their bread without, 'tis sweeter
than before.
To think and work is Nature's plan, and earners
plainly see,
Toil never yet disgraced a man, but made him truly
free.

Of money fairly spent the poor will always take a share,
Money not used shuts up the door and causes grief and care.
Self-help is a most glorious plan, misfortune alms may need,
A working, independent man is my belief and creed.
Ignatius says "the peace on earth" the gospel which we read
Do not to every man belong, but only to a creed
Held by himself and chosen few as being of good will,
Curtailing God's own record true his vanity to fill.
If men like he had held the sway to stifle science keen,
The systems which our power obey would never then have been,
The railways never had been made, or lightning message passed,
And as the world its first displayed, so would have been its last.
But what the monks of old repute doled out in olden time,
Would leave our poor quite destitute and aggravate our crime.
If women never money spent except in serge and black,
And men about in sackcloth went, then many a toiler's back
Would with his stomach soon be bare, and soon this earth be worse,
As dark as midnight, full of care, no blessing but a curse.
Then worshipping the cross instead of looking up above,
With humble faith to Christ, our Head, as to a God of love,

Is bowing to an emblem, which recorded Jewish crime
Against the Roman law display'd in ancient Roman time,
And therefore just a symbol true of bad as well as good—
The thief as well as Saviour knew, and by pain understood.
Now near the Throne a place belongs to all good men we see,
And nations, peoples, kindreds, tongues will there assembled be;
But if the Father's words were true, the dwellers there would be
Like Father's charity as small and mercy stinted be.
Then scout the man who paints a God unjust to me and you,
To make the people court his nod, and pay their money too.
Believe a God of better days, and of conceptions true,
Who every inner heart surveys, and every thought can view;
Confess and pray to Him alone in every hour of need,
And learn that right alone should be, both men's and nations' creed.

ACROSTIC.—LORD BEACONSFIELD.

BRIGHT shines the day-star of England once more,
Encircling the world with its splendour and light,
And linking the millions our Queen ruleth o'er,
Close and more close in true friendship and right.
O'er lands of the east with their sunset of gold,
Now silvery west spreadeth Liberty's wing,
Securing all freedom by policy bold,
Fulfilling the destiny greatness must bring.
In striving to check base tyranny's thrall,
England knows well to whom honour is due,
Loudly this name shall in cottage, and hall,
Descend to our sons as the bold and the true.

CHRISTMAS.

WHEN Christmas boards with cheer are crowned,
And Christmas bells are ringing round,
And to the music's joyful sound
The dance treads merrily,
Then let us all, both young and old,
Alike the fearful and the bold,
Leave earthly joys alike untold,
And shout right cheerily.
Hurrah for the day of the holly and bay,
The laurel and mistletoe bough,
May their evergreen hue teach us to be true,
Each one to his friend and his vow.

For friendship's ties are better far
Than all the pomp and spoils of war,
They leave behind no wound nor scar,
But man to man endearing.
They closer weld the links of life,
Make glad the hours of care and strife,
Make every year with pleasure rife,
Each hour and day more cheering.
Then shout for the day of the holly and bay,
The laurel and mistletoe bough,
May their evergreen hue teach us to be true,
Each one to his friend and his vow.

With none to love us, scenes now bright
Soon lose their shades of heavenly light,
And sink at once in dark'ning night,
The flame life's lamp adorning,
But love and friendship warm the soul,
They make life's parts one glorious whole,
Then fill to brim each flowing bowl,
And shout from night till morning,
Hurrah for the day of the holly and bay,
The laurel and mistletoe bough,
May their evergreen hue teach us to be true,
Each one to his friend and his vow.

WHAT CONSTITUES A GENTLEMAN?

WHAT constitutes a gentleman
In this bright land of ours?
Define him truly if you can
By reason's boasted powers.
And why does woman gentle take
To add unto her name,
For gentle doings gentle make
In rich and poor the same.

Who kindly uses all his kind,
And furthers Nature's plan,
For good of all exerts his mind,
I call him gentleman.
And she who gently uses all,
Does good where'er she may,
Then her I gentlewoman call,
Though clad in russet gray.

Who claims from parentage alone,
Not deeds which all may scan,
Though placed in rank quite near a throne,
Is fortune's gentleman.
Who proves himself by deeds of worth,
Howe'er, whene'er he can,
Adds ever honour to his birth,
Is Nature's gentleman.

If all would join to scout the man
Who forfeits manhood's name,
And women every blemish scan
In rich and poor the same,
Then we should not so often say,
As often times we can,
That one whom fortune's smiles obey
Is still no gentleman.

And she who barters nature's grace
By acts which all must scorn,
Should forfeit every claim of race,
Though high and nobly born.
For only when allied with worth
We count ancestral pride,
And tell me how one lived on earth,
I'll tell you how he died.

CHRISTMAS, 1871.

'TIS Christmas again, and the bush and the berry
Are hanging in beauty on ceiling and wall,
Bidding eyes to be bright, bidding hearts to be merry,
Where'er the foot treadeth, in cottage or hall.
Bring gladness unmingled with shadow of sorrow,
Bring happiness true without any alloy,
Keep bright to-day's light by the hope of to-morrow,
No grief will then wait on our moments of joy.

Old Christmas the king once more is returning,
The yule log for altar forge gaily he brings,
And whilst on our hearth it is spurting and burning,
The music of Christmas it merrily sings.
Bring laurel and bay, and up with the holly,
Get rid of the gloom that encumbers the soul,
In joy and in gladness there cannot be folly,
Nor wrong if we rightly partake of the bowl.

This world was e'er meant since from chaos upheaving,
To be used, not abused, and extremes "ever meet,"
Then lose not the zest of all good you're receiving,
Because there are some things your eyes never greet.
If you're rich use your riches to help on the poor man,
Leaving still if you can independence to stay,
And though every one can't come inside your door, man,
You can help him to earn and so keep on his way.

The statesmen of England can by their law-giving
Do something for him without robbing the rest,
For taxing the power by which poor men are living
Is not the way sure to fulfil this behest.
Let the whole nation's wealth help those who are needy,
Leaving that which employs to pay well the employed,
Make travelling cheap, so that labour where seedy,
May shift itself cheap to where more is enjoyed.

If they looked to the future instead of the present,
Provided for evils before they came due,
Left party alone, their debates might be pleasant,
Their remedies too might be honest and true.
Let wealth bear its burdens equal and surely,
We ne'er then should feel what we're called on to pay,
If all were assured that they bore taxes purely,
These paid agitators but little could say.

Let travelling and burdens by fairness be cheapened,
Supply and demand will determine the rest,
Then love of their country in hearts will be deepened,
False cries of equality torn from the breast.
Each man then will know that his chance is a fair one,
To rise or to fall as his conduct shall be,
A contented poor man will not be a rare one,
And the country from titled half-traitors be free.

And when Christmas comes in his yearly returning,
For charity's calls much less need we shall see,
On a poor man's own hearth the yule log will be burning,
And his hope of the morrow a bright one may be.
He may hope that his sons, now he pays for their learning,
With his daughters as well a bright future may see,

With a true-hearted envy their hearts should be
burning,
To raise themselves up in the scale of the free.
That this may ensue let our orison rise,
'Tis the prayer of the true, of the honest and wise.

PROLOGUE GIVEN AT RETFORD.

(1868.)

NO single play will be my theme to-night,
Drama and song to please you here unite,
And fail they will not, for the brave and free,
Hold that the word we never more should see,
That with the will there always is a way.
The sun still shines on e'en the darkest day,
And as we know that all assembled here
Came to be pleased, to please we do not fear.
Music her softening charms to soothe us brings,
And woman's fingers ply the echoing strings,
Raising a key-note in the heart of man
Which since creation always echoing ran,
And will unto the end of things created;
Man lived not long alone, he soon got mated.
Will-o'-the-wisp in former time had power
To flutter strong men in the darkening hour,
Or lead them on in a false seeming track,
Till danger came to warn the wanderer back.
But mind or matter acting caused the man
To crush this giant by a simple plan.
Drain but the land, send water down the river,
You spoil his sport and silence him for ever.
Each flower that blooms in bower or in the field,
Doth to its Maker praise and worship yield.
Upward the lark with dawn of morning springs
To his Creator praise and worship sings;
As if persuaded heaven was on high,
"He sings the loudest nearest to the sky."

Music again, and then the parts between
Unto a far off land we shift the scene,
A land with bright and joyous beauty teeming,
We still find things deceitful in their seeming.
Wealth got by labour helping nature's plan,
Makes rich the land and elevates the man,
Joins with intelligence to raise us all,
Climb without holding you must fear a fall.
Woman is what man makes her (so we're told),
There oft is wisdom in those saws of old,
But if this were the truth, the influence should
Be earlier tested for a woman's good.
The days before the wedding sure had hours
For man some way to ply his mouldering powers.
Prevent the evil is the better plan,
To fashion first, "the father is the man."
To make her perfect let the husband be
One unto whom she can look up and see
A loftier mind than hers.—Man, who was cast
First on earth's surface should not be the last.
Women, remember, be not bought and sold,
There's something purer, brighter far than gold,
Remember, as you value peace and rest,
Marry a man, and not "a money chest."
Music and song alternate now delight,
And lead us on to say, Beloved, good night.
A star shines clear in silvery lustre bright,
Saying to plants, and flowers, and men, Good night.
To all who take a night-cap ere they rest,
One word of caution is in song addressed:
Don't mix it strong, nor yet too oft repeat,
And above all things, never take it neat.
"Heaven sent the grape to cheer both great and small,
"Small fools will drink too much, and great ones not at all."

Ye men in lodgings, if (in want of tin)
You to your uncle's go, and he's within,
With others' boots and coats make not too free,
Stick to your own, though battered they may be.
Don't be misshaped in mind, like Andrew Homer,
And keep from Number One just round the corner.
This ends the farce, but ere the curtain fall,
God bless the Queen, each cheery voice shall call,
God bless the royal line, and bless us all.

LABOUR, CAPITAL, AND UNIONS.

YE working men! come listen to an English
farmer's rhymes,
Who long ago has studied signs and symbols of the
times,
Who years ago asserted that if labour had its due,
Our taxes must be justly placed, and gathered justly
too,
That if our labour is to find its natural place indeed,
Employing power from unemployed should partially
be freed.
That poverty should keep from crime is every one's
affair,
And so the rich and every class should pay their
equal share;
To keep the pressure from the power that employed
labour pays,
Must surely help in hour of need that power's power
to raise;
And wages that shall fairly rise by just and natural
laws—
These better help to raise the poor and further
Freedom's cause.
So let us all in England, from the greatest to the
small,
Pay each in our degree for that which brings the
good of all.

An income poor-rate gathered low as wisdom well could teach,
And so unto the high as far as wealth and rank could reach;
No matter what the source may be whence people wealth derive,
To make all shareholders in this, keeps free the working hive.
Upon this income-rating your income-suffrage base,
Then every one who pays a rate will vote in every case,
Without respect to sex or age, and then, perchance, you'll see,
All represented in all ranks, and more from party free.
Then let the nation, as it should, the railways take in hand,
Take passengers like letters cheap throughout this glorious land.
Then ill-paid labour migrates where demand exceeds supply,
Migration should be tried before we emigration try;
There's now for men in England employment fair and free,
Well recompensed and justly paid as all such toil should be.
To try by Unions to exact more than is labour's due,
Before these things are equalised is neither just nor true
To choose his service-price must be a man's undoubted right,
And they who interfere with this prefer the choice of might,
A tyranny which long has crushed each aspiration true,
Prevented all the good of old being dove-tailed with the new.

To threaten us with civil war when creeds do not
agree,
Is last resource of cowardice and scorn of all the free.
Some fiendish spirit must (be sure) in that man's
bosom dwell,
A spirit first-begotten and matured in hottest hell,
Who calls for civil war, the curse of every age and
time,
And tries to excite the passions till they lead a man
to crime.
These are not England's working-men when to
themselves left true;
They're England's working-men transformed by men
who better knew;
And when at last the truth prevails a reckoning may
come
For those who left all reason and all justice to be dumb,
To make these men a stalking horse for power and
for place,
Instead of running fairly in a fair and open race.
If these men have done right they'll reap the seed
they helped to sow,
And if they prove false prophets, then this truth
they'll surely know:
That now there is no other land where men are
known more free,
Where, taking all things in account, men better
wages see.
And if the cant and rant that's used would take
another line,
Let labour and intelligence with capital combine,
And fairly tax the fair result, then permanent would
be
A higher class of wages than at present we can see.
Make everything thus truly just, supply and its
demand
Will always wages high ensure throughout a
wealthy land.

Who tells a working man that he can miss his little share
Of burdens that are placed on all to pay a nation's care,
Is a liar to his conscience and a traitor to the soil,
Where working men well paid should aye with independence toil
For fair reward, erect and free, receiving when in need
From funds derived from all the hive; this is the certain creed
Of one who wishes all to be from all enthralment freed.

A WORKING MAN'S REPLY

TO MESTER JOHN WALKER.

NOW listen to a working man, tho' raythur short of wind,
And he'll tell thee just a little bit o' what is in his mind.
A good deal as tha'st written I doan't rightly understand;
But tha'lt tak good care I never have the smallest bit of land.
My feythur had a cottage, he'd built it all hissen;
And a pretty bit of orchard, and fruit trees ower ten;
But Dook, he took possession, and pulled it down in haste,
And for no better reason than where it stood wor "waste."
So then he took another house, at four pounds ten a year,
One room below and two abune a very narrow stair;
And man and wife and six strong bairns were ligging ower thick;
And do'st thou think no sin were bred in such a hole of brick?

I was nobbut ten year old, nor youngest in the lot,
They sent me out to scare the crows, six groats a week I got;
And work'd for nowt o' Sundays, for birds were hungry still,
Whilst measter said it would'nt do to let them have their fill.

And five more years I stay'd at home, 'mong farmers, beast and sheep,
A bit more wages helping feythur, t'other bairns to keep;
Nine bob a week wor all he got, and nowt on rainy days,
With parson preaching once a week 'bout mending of his ways.
Mother said "clothes were wurse than th' sins:" *their* mending fell on her,
And "Parson's job were better paid," her blood would sometimes stir.
Though well I do remember how patiently she bore,
And patches sewed upon the knees, and helped the little store.

But after that in sarvice I learnt to plough and stack,
I sometimes thought my share wor small of what my toil brought back,
Still Fanny wor a bonny lass, and never burnt the milk,
I knew her heart was good and true, tho' her hand worn't soft as silk,
And so I married Fanny, and came back to Farmer Jones,
And twice two crowns a week I got for breaking hard at stones,
We'ad saved a bit betwixt us, but it got less every year,
And prices then were getting up, and bread wor very dear.

The old folks they grew older and poorer every day,
We gi'ed the little bit we'ad left, and then we hied away
Where work wor better paid for, in town, and mine, and pit,
And now thou wants us back again, thy reason's hardly fit
Wi' what we know'd afortime, for, broken down with toil,
Poor feythur's bones were hardly cover'd from tilling of the soil.
We kept 'em out oth' Workhus, small thanks to these who had
The best of their hard labour, in all times good or bad.
It worn't along of Unions, for nowt o' sort wor known
When first I found employment in this ere busy town.
Union was all the other way !—to try and keep us down,
So don't complain o' th' reaping the bitter seed *you've* sown.
And when tha talks of "cheaper rails," "migration," "income-tax,"
It seems tha wants it off thy own, to put it on *our* backs.
I'd raythur not, if its all the same, for this is very true,
Thy fuller belly oft'ner rides, and to pay is abler too.
I'm very much obliged to thee for all the good thou means,
May be, if I comprehended it, its better than it seems.
Thou must be a good winded un with them long words o' thine,
And if thou gets i' th' Parlement I hope to see thee shine.

My bellows, they're not very good, as I telled thee earlier on,
And I've listened to thy talking, and wonder'd if tha'd done.
Excuse a poor man telling thee, it may save thee fro' thy death,
Tha'd be better understanded if tha' oft'ner ta'ed thee breath.

JAMES PICKAXE.

JOHN WALKER'S REPLY TO JAMES PICKAXE,

WHO CRITICISED "LABOUR, CAPITAL, & UNIONS."

SPEAKING and writing is not wrong, if what is said be true,
To let the old which Time proves wrong give place unto the new.
The hardships which my friend deplores have long been seen by me,
Disgracing to a nation called the glorious and the free.
And if what I have tried to prove these thirty years or more.
Examined in all shades of light, and thoughtfully thought o'er,
Had been adopted by the State, such wrongs would less have been,
Who justly paid our taxes too would clearly have been seen.
If all the wealth of England, whate'er its source may be,
Paid to the burdens of the state in full and fair degree,
The pressure of the unemployed being fairly placed on all,
This never would have proved a cause for labour's price to fall.

There was a time when England's wealth was
mostly house and land,
This is a time when floating wealth has more at its
command,
Has found its power both firm and great, and rightly
so I say,
But with its power its equal share of taxes it should
pay,
That they who from their merchant ships their
yearly thousands gain,
Though poor creating little help the needy to
maintain,
Except through charity they give is neither just nor
true,
And this old wrong like others must be mended by
the new,
That drones in England's hive invest their money
where 'tis free
From all the local taxes borne by my good friend
and me,
Is one of those old grievances which caused us years
of wrong,
Which we must strive to rectify with heart and
feeling strong.
That only houses, land, and shops should local
burdens bear,
Whilst thousands who own floating wealth, with
thousands too to spare,
Pay only on their palace rent, or if in club they live,
Bestow upon the poor no sum but what they choose
to give.
Now for two things in this our land I most devoutly
pray
That "pauper" from our list of words may quickly
pass away,
That employèd and employèr should do their very best
To help our needy and our sick without a workhouse
test.

This could be done, and would be done, if what I rudely say
Were followed out as I could wish, and I could point the way.
So as not to oppress the small and firmly grasp the great,
That all should pay in their degree for welfare of the state.
In olden time the grievances which made the poor complain,
And which I hope we never shall in England see again,
Occurred because our toil-supply exceeded its demand,
And parish law kept labour from migrating through the land.
A man's own country should be made his only parish bound,
That where the greatest price is paid, there labour might be found.
But when two men instead of one were rulers of supply,
And beef and mutton seldom came a poor man's stomach nigh,
'Twas forced upon the farmer then to lower pay the two,
Or let the other starve outright, which he must surely do.
Then when the finding of more gold made currency more rife,
And parish law through unions gave demand a little life,
Migrations to the towns took place, and labour was well paid,
And few but old and middle-aged in country districts stayed.
But if the land of England had been made one parish free,

The wages in the country would of course much
greater be.
Now beef or mutton is the food of most throughout
the land,
Small farms in country districts our friend must
understand,
Will be exceptions, not the rule, and for this simple
cross,
Small holders as a rule must cease or surely suffer loss.
Small holdings here our corn might grow, less sheep
and beasts be grown,
Wheat we can get from other lands, but meat
ourselves must own,
And though our seasons have been such as made it
very dear,
We hope that this may cease to be in many a future
year.
But in vicinity of towns where greater price is paid,
Small farms will flourish and on them be greater
value laid.
But if the country in small farms were cut and dealt
about,
That many a one who now eats meat would surely
be without.
That unions of our labour friends would to us
trouble cause,
Unless our Government did right by making juster
laws,
I ventured publicly to say some twenty years ago,
But hoped some good reforms might make my
prophecy no go.
Still there must be a limit, and if we o'erstep its
bound,
The evil then upon ourselves in quick recoil is found,
The loss of wealth-creating power, which strikes
have brought about,
With that demand for work we had which we may
be without,

Would in a darker time have left a nucleus for the poor,
To keep ajar, if not full wide, our labour's widening door.
If James Pickaxe does not agree with all of these my views,
He still to own that I mean right I hope will not refuse,
And if I have put down a strong and a long-winded strain,
It is that I may surely make my meaning clear and plain;
And if the good of all ensue by other words than mine,
I shall be glad indeed to see some other "*plan-it*" shine.
And if in pointing out the way I think would reach the good,
By others and my friend I should not be well understood,
Some time or other we may meet, and if we both mean true,
We'll only keep the old when good, when good adopt the new.
Remembering in all argument the fault that error makes,
Is when discourtesy it shows to views another takes.
Some titled men may not adorn the station which they hold,
And all the coin of working worth is not of standard gold,
But Nature's gentleman always is free of speech to all,
Not cringing to the proud and great, nor haughty to the small.

If my full belly often rides at least its share it pays,
And what I get is never got but by straightforward ways,
And whilst I live my work I'll give to serve the good of all,
I'll think my thoughts, and say my say, in spite of great or small.

A WORD IN SEASON.

FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.

THIS world we're told is trial ground to fit us for another,
Here, each one Christian styles himself, and calls each man his brother,
All are advised their aid to give in heathen lands to spread
The Gospel we ourselves have heard, the faith in Christ our head,
Teaching them idols to forsake and cruelties to shun;
For suffering follows evil deeds as sure as heat from sun;
That every one is bound to deal right justly by his kind,
To banish wrong from actual deed—aye, even from the mind.
Who cannot, will not, then believe the dogmas thus laid down,
Whate'er their gain on earth may be shall lose a heavenly crown,
And through eternity endure an ordeal of fire,
Which utterly shall fail to quell the great Creator's ire.
It seems to me this picture drawn for heathen men to see,
So differs in each sad respect from its reality,

That whilst we Christians so neglect the law that we lay down,
And show that we prize other things more than that heavenly crown,
That malice and revenge are not by Christian men ignored,
That greed of gain and lust of power are in their bosoms stored;
That those who thousands yearly spend one single soul to save,
Still in their wars send unprepared some thousands to the grave;
Insist upon their pound of flesh, although the blood that's shed
Rises in judgment 'gainst the deed from holocausts of dead;
And pestilence from trampled slain shows the result of war,
Which though with justice first commenced, is followed out too far.
Aggression or invasion must stir up each patriot soul,
But still one nation might be stayed by congress of the whole;
For war so deadly has become that sacrifice of life,
Must awful be to either side who enter into strife.
Men's interests, too, so clearly point that warfare now should cease,
Binding the world in every link to be for aye at peace.
Nations are joined by kindred ties—in spite of care there are
Brothers and kinsmen ranged against each other in the war.
Science has done her work so well, that save in leader's heart,
No heroism or bravery their balance power impart;

They who shall win must leader have, who counts
well up the cost,
And spends a life in reckoning how battles may be
lost;
How won by those who units are of one grand
mighty whole,
And own no master mind but his who rules them
heart and soul,
Who uses as one vast machine the legions at his call,
Purchasing glory for himself though countless
thousands fall.
Is this the progress of the world, the picture drawn
from life,
For heathen men to realise, and hinder them from
strife?
Is this like what they have been taught that they
should surely see?
Is this what missionaries paint and tell them they
should be?
Methinks it is not, and unless these Christian nations
show
That they can practise what they teach, they'll reap
the seed they sow.
And vain it is to preachers send, showing the heathen
world
The Gospel banner that for all at Christmas was
unfurled;
Unless by Christian actions men show forth their
Christian life,
To spread true knowledge through the world their
true and glorious strife;
For as we're told that men are judged according to
their light,
Who acts up to the light he has is surely in the
right.
For every sin inherited was full atonement made;
Transgression actual must precede all ransom to be
paid.

A child commits no actual sin because it knows no sin,
Some men no laws have known but those their inmost heart within;
And they who well obeyed those laws, though glimmering was the light,
Fulfilled their mission in this world, and entered one more bright.
The few who Christian faith profess are not the saved alone,
For nations, peoples, kindreds, tongues, are ranged before the throne.
To teach men right to practice let our banner be unfurled,
True knowledge spread to civilise and educate the world.
To see men's interest clearly is to never do a wrong,
That nations too, though separate, do each to each belong.
Bridge o'er the barriers that obstruct the union of the whole,
A province more or less will not produce a nation's fall.
Let every means be used before we issue forth to fight,
And then we may right truly cry, "May God defend the right."
And His true order surely is the world at last should be
A brighter and a better world, more glorious and more free.
What nation helps, as well it may, that true and lofty plan,
Binds state to state in harmony, as well as man to man,
Shall keep her high prerogative, her flag unstained and free—
What savours first of cowardice, true bravery may be,

And after ages then may own that nation as the best,
Which knowing men's true interest, fulfilled her right behest,
And owned no blood-stained glory, no honour in the strife
Could balance human suffering or atone for human life.
For widows' groans and orphans' tears no laurels could suffice,
And every gain from others' loss must be a sacrifice.
Let "Peace on earth" our motto be, let future ages tell
That England acted wisely, that England acted well,
When she used her best endeavour to keep her free from strife;
When she prized the world's true freedom, and valued human life;
That famed in olden story, as foremost in the fight,
She found that peace was glory, right better far than might.
But till the world acknowledge this, some foolish nation may
Upon our patience so presume to narrow up the way
We keep to guard our children, far, far across the sea,
May force upon us actual war, detested though it be.
Then lest this happen we must watch, and aye be ready too,
To hold our own if so compelled, and show what we can do;
That we can as a last resource fight as we fought before,
Fight as our bold forefathers fought in glorious days of yore,
And teach them in a ruder way, when once our flag's unfurled,
We mean to keep and guard the peace, the peace of all the world.

I KNEW THAT I WAS DREAMING.

ONE day I sat me down to rest,
And thought we were with statesmen blest,
Who served their country's high behest,
Little themselves esteeming.
Till questions rose of pride and pelf,
Then public good lay on the shelf,
And country kicked the beam to self,
I knew I had been dreaming.

I thought again that Erin's isle
Was so illumed by Gladstone's smile,
That she forgot all wrong and guile,
And future joy was gleaming,
For spite of Pope and priestly nod,
Each one when chastened kissed the rod,
And shrieved himself alone to God,
I knew that I was dreaming.

I thought that Liberals in creed
Were liberal not in word but deed,
For future good sowed present seed,
The land with love was teeming;
But then of power stepped in the pride,
Party, not right, was made the guide,
These liberal movements to decide,
So I knew I had been dreaming.

I dreamt that Whigs no more would say
England their worth could ne'er repay,
From now unto the judgment day,
Themselves her rulers deeming.
But that their pride of race had fled,
Equality had turned their head,
To seek for others' good instead,
I knew that I was dreaming.

I thought Conservatives had found
That England's working men were sound
In creed and thought, and took their ground
According to this seeming,
Resolved no more to bow to might,
To sweep all wrong clean out of sight,
And to conserve alone the right.
I hope I was not dreaming.

I thought that each in England swore
Injustice here should be no more,
When each his proper burden bore,
To shirk it never deeming.
The nation's wealth its poor maintained,
No vagrancy our honour stained,
Employment fair for all was gained,
I know I was not dreaming.
The future yet this truth shall show.
When men themselves shall truly know,
That love should rule o'er all below,
And prove I was not dreaming.

ANSWER TO SERIES IN "THE SPECTATOR."

POLITICS still live! many points to settle,
Statesmen now must give brainwork of mettle,
Sink interest for right, trust less to party smile,
Or else there'll be a fight, only wait a little while,
Wait a little, wait a little, wait a little while.

As for needy poor, wealth of all the nation
Should full means secure for their sustentation,
And to keep them free from poisoned air and vile,
All should pay in their degree, and will so in a while.

All good men know the evil drink is brewing,
But adulteration is the chiefest cause of ruin,
Punish every rogue who sells a mixture vile,
You'll have evil less in vogue, only wait a little while.

Then there's the land need be no cause of riot,
Wise men understand belongs to those who buy it.
Farmers grumbling rarely now begin to rile,
Swear they're taxed unfairly, and they'll right it in a while.

And is there no cure for all this grief and sorrow?
Rich men of to-day might be the poor to-morrow.
Men can ne'er be equal, however folk may rile,
And this will be the sequel, although we wait a while.

Although the bridges stand above the surges heaving,
You'll find within our land men in the right believing,
Men who pass a life free from all care and guile,
Avoiding windy strife and are happy all the while.

And when our mighty nation keep its vision free,
Provides that every station shall pay in its degree,
That every Liberal man, though seeming free from guile,
His burden fair shall share, we'll be honest in a while.

For some of those who cry for others' good to come,
For their own advantage try to reckon up the sum,
If truthful men we choose, free from all wrong and guile,
To make and mend our laws we'll be happy in a while.
So wait a little, wait a little, wait a little while.

PUBLIC INDEPENDENCE.

WHILST in life I have no wish to recline,
So send this truth to each farmer friend,
That zeal for his welfare hath ever been mine,
Just means to be used to attain the end.
None ever should wait in sadness or sorrow,
Whilst wrongs should be righted and burdens removed,
The task of the day should not wait for the morrow,
If duties of freemen be faithfully proved.

Before the light of my song is o'er.
I send this truth to the great and the small,
That the way in which taxes were borne before
Won't do for a free trade time at all.
Consumers the 'vantage of all have taken,
So on consumers must burdens lay,
Tax on producers must now be forsaken,
Producers as consumers must pay.

O keep the faith I have kept o'erflowing,
'Twill be to the credit of all the hive,
My thoughts on all I have been bestowing,
And for the good of all I strive.
When party and interest shall discover
That mine is not a feasible plan,
To each one who of truth is lover,
To prove the truth of it, I'm the man.

When party and interest both are banded,
The expedient only to attain,
The industrial part must work full handed,
Or strife for justice will be in vain.
Then vote for men and not for party,
For those who would the truth defend,
Give your support right true and hearty
To each who is of truth the friend.

To vote blindfolded for a leader,
  To serve a party, right or wrong,
To cease to be for truth a pleader,
  I would not to that class belong.
No price or bribe should make me follow
  Aught but a true and faithful plan,
Ne'er cheat a friend by tokens hollow,
  But hold the right whilst e'er I can.

And when once my friends and neighbours
  Can set themselves from party free,
Accept one who for justice labours,
  They if they please can send for me.
Whene'er they want a comrade hearty,
  To mend a wrong whene'er he can,
Think for himself and not by party,
  Then send for me, for I'm the man.

THE PRIEST IN ABSOLUTION.

PARODY ON HOOD.

O MEN with sisters dear,
  O men with daughters and wives,
'Tis not for the present alone we fear,
  But the future of human lives.
Cry, cry, cry,
  Against confession at all,
And let no shrieving priest come nigh
  Low cottage or lordly hall.

O women bright and fair,
  O women warning take,
If for your English hearths you care,
  A noble stand-point make.
Scorn, scorn, scorn,
  All those who try to sever
You and the children to you born,
Would break the tokens hearts have worn,
  Which they should wear for ever.

O women they try their wiles,
  Thinking you kind and weak,
With mincing words and oily smiles,
  An undue influence seek.
Mind, mind, mind,
  If women turn priestly then,
This natural consequence you find,
(And not to rank alone confined),
  Sneering and infidel men.

Though narrow be heaven's way,
  And straight the entrance road,
Let only men the right obey,
  They'll find it truly broad.
Work, work, work,
  To bring about the good,
'Mongst high professors evils lurk,
There's many a christian worse than Turk,
  Though deluged with human blood.

O statesmen of our land,
  The English church who love,
By our religious freedom stand
  All other things above.
Strive, strive, strive,
  To strengthen the State's control,
Or useless wasps within the hive
Will from your weakness strength derive,
  And sting both body and soul.

CHRISTMAS, 1878.

GARFORTH CHURCH RESTORATION.

CHRISTMAS is time for charity its influence to find.
To further God's own purpose true the good of all mankind;
A time for giving honour to the Maker of us all
Who at this time appeared on earth to remedy our fall.

From little things so often do greater things arise,
A house for dolls may help to raise some tribute to the skies,
And curious things may make us think of curious things to come
Upon this curious earth of ours ere Nature's voice be dumb,
And lead us on to look beyond all curious things and small,
To Him who was and is for aye the Maker of them all.
What fitting more than music a tuneful song to raise,
And blend all voices in a round of harmony and praise.
The wife we read in Holy Writ for needle work was famed,
And in the book of Job we find it is most clearly named,
"She was her husband's pride and joy. such glory on him shed,"
He stood amongst the people as their counsellor and head.
So you who have no wives must now from other ladies buy
To help them in their glorious work of noble charity.
The minister and his household will prize each effort made
To deck the tree at Christmas time to give the church its aid,
To make it suited to the times of this fast marching world,
And beautify the banner which at Christmas is unfurled.
E'en what you eat and drink of course is in refreshment's way,
But also shall assist the cause we advocate to-day.

Both band and choir unite at once in harmony and
praise,
And to the heavens their joyful sounds in Christmas
homage raise,
With true delight again to greet the merry Christmas
time,
Now welcomed in with joy and mirth by many a
Christmas chime.
And right it is at such a time to think upon the poor,
That they may no misfortune have hard knocking at
the door.
Nor want a place to worship in and plead in their
distress
To Him who is the widow's friend and helps the
fatherless.
And thus we hope that all who tread on this our
English sod
Will do their duty to the poor, their country, and
their God.

THOUGHTS ON THE TIMES.

ONE day I sat me down in thought,
And memory from her treasures brought
The sum of what I had been taught
In days of brighter seeming;
That Churchmen of our native land
Would for religious freedom band,
And by our fathers' protest stand;
I hope I was not dreaming.

I thought that all the humbug spread
Of trust except in Christ our Head,
Had been, like faith in idols, dead,
And priests had ceased their scheming;
That when we fled the Romish see,
It was that Englishmen should be
In mind and thought and conscience free,
I find that I was dreaming.

I thought that ministers should seek
God's glory by a conduct meek,
Not making people once a week
So different in seeming;
Parading up and down our aisles
In snow-white gowns to raise the smiles
Of all but fools at priestly wiles,
Who surely must be dreaming.

I thought that we should near at home
Have Popes as well as Popes at Rome,
Through things quite obsolete to roam,
A priest's republic scheming;
Themselves elected and elect,
Bound to no other law respect,
With scents perfumed, and crosses decked,
I found that I was dreaming.

I thought that cruelty and crime,
Enthusiasts brought in olden time,
Would ne'er be told in prose or rhyme,
The world much wiser deeming;
That absolution was a curse,
Confession, save to God, was worse,
"Belief in them" put out to nurse,
But this was only dreaming.

Then you who wish that all should be
"In mind, and thought, and conscience free,"
Insist that State control shall be
Not merely so in seeming,
Knowing religion not controlled
Becomes fanaticism bold,
Why, let the State the balance hold,
And keep these men from dreaming.

That they can in an age like ours
Obstruct the way to freedom's bowers,
Of bliss or woe dispense the powers,
Themselves heaven's keepers deeming,

The State must say to all "Obey,"
Keep stumbling-blocks from heaven's way,
And then we may right truly say,
The State has ceased from dreaming.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

WHAT constitutes the good and true
In this short life of ours?
Is there a definition new
Made clear by reason's powers?
Can man to man bring happiness,
Absolve sins or retain;
Can word of man make guilt the less,
Or wash away the stain?

Can any laying on of hands
Abolish Nature's power;
Keep her restrained by iron hand,
In health's pulse-beating hour?
Man to himself must aye belong,
Must do the right and leal;
When mastered by temptation strong,
To God must make appeal.

The priest who claims God's attributes
Assumes His ban or nod;
Man's weakness to his God imputes
And makes himself a God.
Pretends the finite here may reach
The far off Infinite,
Would other ways to heaven teach,
Than doing what is right.

The bread we take as token true
Of Him our great High Priest,
Must bread remain, or old or new,
Ne'er changes in the least.
Fermented as at first we find,
Wine still remains as wine,
An outward symbol to remind
Of offering divine.

To be right we must do the right,
Ne'er do a neighbour wrong;
And if borne downward in the fight
By human passions strong;
If wrong to man the line we take,
Forget all priestly nod,
To man our restitution make,
Confess the rest to God.

ON THE ROAD TO ROME.

PARODY ON MACAULAY.

THE laymen of old England
By England's weal they swore,
That Priests in Absolution
Should practice wrong no more.
By all that's good they swore it,
And named a certain way,
To send the sacred message forth,
East and west and south and north;
Let all its sound obey.

East and west and south and north,
The message now has passed,
And castle, hall, and cottage
Have heard true freedom's blast.
Shame fall on every Englishman
Who stands not by his home,
When Church of England ministers
Are on the road to Rome.

The youths just fresh from college
Are arming for the fight,
To stem true freedom's rolling tide,
And turn the stream of right;
For then the power of priesthood,
Assuming heaven's command,
Would rear a proud and noble crest
Throughout this British land.

There's Tooth linked with Machonichie
Are pulling side by side,
To override our English law
By mulish priestly pride;
Beside the Romish car they ride,
And differ but in name,
In deeds and words of bigotry
They blazon forth their shame.

To teach our maidens modesty,
Some take their utmost fill
Of prurient books and beastly tracts,
Instilling thoughts of ill.
Home secrets try to ferret out
By means quite underhand,
Then like our fathers let us hunt
Such vermin from the land.

If English men for English wives
Have true respect and love,
And prize an English hearth and home
As they prize heaven above;
To keep them safe, inviolate,
They must be firm and bold,
And at all hazards keep the bridge
As in brave days of old.

Where'er is shown the cloven foot
The State must then step in,
And keep the Churchmen of our day
Their proper bounds within,
So shall be told with laughter,
How by the firm and bold,
All priestly craft was kept at bay,
As in the days of old.

CHRISTMAS, 1878.

(THE OLD NORSE RING.—"MACKAY.")

COME, welcome merry Christmas,
Let us list the carol strain,
Raised to gladden every heart,
And to solace every brain.
Whilst yet a drop remains
Of life in English veins,
Let us greet the wintry king,
And his wedding garment bring,
To wear before us all,
The great as well as small,
Whilst the wassail bowl goes round
Cheerily,
Let us make the most of life,
Keep it free from care and strife,
And our hearts in fervent love
And charity.

The merry Christmas hail,
Though hoary be his head,
Though clothed in frosty mail,
And snow around us spread.
Though he comes with greeting rude
To a gathering multitude
Of honest English poor,
Who can scarcely keep the door
From the coarse wind of the north,
Sending icy gushes forth,
From his home beyond the ocean
Rushing free,
And on their forehead pale
Feel the winter's biting gale,
With the strength that it has gathered
O'er the sea.

Hurrah, hurrah for Christmas,
As he came, so he will come,
Till our voices shall be silenced,
And our mouths be closed and dumb.
So our flag for him shall wave,
To ensure a welcome brave,
And in cottage and in hall
We must hold our festival,
And drink a cheery draught,
Such as our forefathers quaffed
In this our England once,
The joyous and the free,
When the rich did always band
To help the poorer of the land
Of England once and always
Mistress of the sea.

Never let the cry arise
Half of anguish, half of pride,
That the haste to being rich
Is a crime on every side.
That the statesmen of our land
For party interest band,
That expediency reigns,
And a tyrant's rule maintains,
Lets difficulties fall
Against justice true to all,
And this we know should never
Tolerated be.
The right in private life
Should rule in public strife,
For only right should rule
Among a people free.

If only this were done,
The charity we see,
Even to help the poor
Would seldom needed be.

Let right, not might, hold sway,
Let interest obey,
Give principle the rein
To public good obtain,
And the toiling man will stand
Independent in our land,
And not as now on charity
Dependent be.
But by his daily earning
The yule log will be burning,
As becomes the English nation,
The glorious and the free.

ANSWER TO "GLADSTONE, WAIT."

JULY, 1878.

ENGLAND watch! A sky though golden
May by mists be clouded o'er,
And the schemes of times now olden
Be repeated as before.

England watch! with firm endeavour
Freedom's flag to keep unfurled,
Thy just rights to guard for ever,
And maintain a peaceful world.

England watch! No greed of party
Should thy councils now divide,
All must join in union hearty,
As of old was England's pride.

England watch! A truthful preacher
Sends aloft his words sublime,
"That justice should to all be teacher,"
That right should mark the lines of time.

England watch! And if a nation
With thy children interfere,
Then thou hast a firm foundation,
Let thy will and strength appear.

England watch! Though widows' wailing
May be heard within our land,
Other means being unavailing,
Honour holds the chief command.

England watch! For things more better
E'en than death might chance to be,
For statesmen's work what can be fitter
Than to make the world more free.

England watch! And always liking
To keep from war's bloodthirsty strife,
Ne'er except for freedom striking,
Still prize honour more than life.

England watch! Lest party fighting
Bring about some fearful hitch,
And Liberal creeds, instead of righting,
Rob the poor to help the rich.

England watch! Imperial blunders
Are sometimes by statesmen made,
And the poor producer wonders
Why so much by him is paid.

England watch! For Liberal dealings
Gain ends by illiberal means,
And insult all hearts and feelings
Looking well behind the scenes.

England watch! In right apparel
Choose statesmen true in hour of need,
Never for religions quarrel,
Let right be men's and nations' creed.

England watch! Let all be banded,
Good of all to best obtain,
Let statesmen think and work full-handed,
And strife for right will not be vain.

England watch! Let little minded
Try their talent to improve,
Not praising one by words long-winded,
But binding all by deeds of love.

WHY?

WHY does England need an army,
Whilst the ocean round her roars?
And why does she need a navy,
Save to guard and keep her shores?
England knows, Peace should be ruler
O'er this now divided world,
That nations should be bound together
By a peaceful flag unfurled.

And she therefore keeps an army
To stay and not to further strife,
To only strike a blow for freedom,
Prizing honour more than life.
Beyond the sea she hath her children,
Whom 'tis hers to own and guard,
Without a blow unless 'tis needed,
If needed, then by blows as hard.

When the Parent needs her children
To aid her in a glorious cause,
Numbers must be met by numbers,
'Tis the first of Nature's laws.
And this little isle unaided,
If 'tis forced upon her so,
Can keep the laurels bright, unfaded,
'Gainst open or 'gainst secret foe.

Perchance in times that may be coming,
Our aid these children may not need,
When religions breed no quarrels,
And right is men's and nations' creed.
But before that good time coming,
No politics should hatred cause,
All should further England's welfare,
No matter who ordains the laws.

And when all mankind is wiser,
When commerce is more truly free,
When the blocks dividing peoples
By science shall dismantled be,
The world will truly prize the nation,
Which knowing what example proves,
Will never strike except for freedom,
The freedom of the world she loves.

JOHN MORGAN, THE GROVE HUNTSMAN.

I'LL sing you a comical song, made by a comical pate,
Of a fine old English huntsman whose skill and fame are great,
A better horseman never rode o'er fence, or ditch, or gate,
And search our merry England through you'll seldom find a mate,
To match this gallant huntsman of our county and our time.

His face is bronzed by eastern sun, as well as northern blast,
In other lands as well as this his fortunes have been cast,
And when he reckons up the time which travels on so fast,
He may count trophies nobly won and not to be surpassed,
By any English hunting man in this our modern time.

When in the field true courtesy he shows to young
and old,
Giving all honour to the men of courage true as gold,
Who ease their horses when they can, but gallant
still and bold,
With women's hands and heroes hearts their own
can surely hold,
In longest run or smartest burst in this our present
time.

But all at last must yield to fate, and all must
understand,
Old Father Time upon us all will quickly lay his
hand,
And younger hands and younger hearts more
prowess will command,
Though giving all the honour due to all within our
land,
Who have that honour richly earned although in
olden time.

To help him now when giving up the horn he long
has blown,
We call on every sporting man who has this
huntsman known,
That he may in his later days all needful comforts
own,
And reap the honest harvest of the good seed he
has sown,
As every honest man should do in this or any time.

AIR, 1879.

"THREE FISHERS."

THE farmers are drifting away to the bad,
As sure as the sunlight fadeth away,
Their pockets are empty, their spirits are sad,
And not (as was wont to be) merry and gay,
For wheat from abroad our money must go,
And here it must come, whether wanted or no,
Though unemployed poor are moaning.

The gold we send out may return to us never,
'Tis right other countries should flourish they say,
That wheat must be cheap though the firmest endeavour
Cannot help home producers to keep on their way.
But our money to purchase must ne'er to us fail,
Or our trade will decay and our energies quail,
All classes together be moaning.

If we must compete with the lands of the sun,
Where the virgin soil is fertile and new,
We must see to all ranks that true justice be done,
That the pressure on all shall be honest and true.
No blunders of statesmen must leave us in doubt,
The right must be done, and though money go out,
The land may be free from its moaning.

If trade must be free, let it truly be free,
No bar to its freedom our statesmen must place,
Never mind from what source a man's income may be,
Let it bear its right weight in a life-stirring race.
On all as consumers our burdens must be,
Producers must all be consumers we see,
Tax the drone in the hive fully more than the bee,
And the land will no longer be moaning.

RECIPROCITY.

FEBRUARY, 1879.

WHEN years ago commenced the raid
Against restrictions on our trade,
And wheat was the great bugbear made,
For traders' animosity,
'Twas clean forgotten in the hour
When floating wealth found out its power,
Sweet grapes though free might soon be sour,
Without some reciprocity.

I at the time could plainly see,
If commerce would be truly free,
Our burdens all revised must be,
And that with some velocity;
That malt no longer taxed should be,
But farmers, like their produce, free,
Or Englishmen would never see
The needed reciprocity.

At first they brought us back our gold,
To purchase from us what we sold,
And would for aye we then were told,
With wonderful verbosity,
What I asserted proved most true,
It brought them manufactures new,
And now for gold not goods they sue,
That's foreign reciprocity.

But still in time Free Trade must be
The rule of every nation free,
And war our peoples never see
Waged with such dire ferocity;
Then let us place our burdens square,
Let each as he is able bear,
To do the right let statesmen dare,
That's true home reciprocity.

Before you for protection cry,
Free trade to just conclusions try,
We must at cheapest markets buy,
  Trust no land's generosity.
If trade in wheat be always free,
In all things else it sure must be,
We never must exceptions see,
  And chance all reciprocity.

And when old England does the true,
The old blends justly with the new,
Vainly lets none for justice sue,
  Or trust to generosity,
Lets all dishonest trading cease,
Her commerce may again increase,
And all the world may be at peace,
  The best of reciprocity.

FINALE.

MY book is finished, and must stand
Before each critic in our land,
And though some rhymes he fail to scan,
They may link closer man to man,
And failing to improve the head,
May reach the inner heart instead, —
May teach from good we daily see,
The better future that may be;
That interests now which seem apart,
Creating envy in the heart,
Will in the latter, wiser days,
No bitter, rival feelings raise,
But show in strife and war's despite,
Men's interest is to do the right,
That it should rule instead of might.
If this be sequel to my song,
To help the right, to conquer wrong,
My efforts will not be in vain,
And when I'm gone may live again.
To prove that when men cease to live,
A better light they then may give,
To point the future which should be
The heir-loom of the true and free.
When peace to every land is given,
And hatred from the earth is driven,
Showing, when grief and care are past,
That evil ne'er being "meant to last,
"Goodness shall immortal prove,"
And every sphere be ruled by love.

J. W.

EDWARD DALE, PRINTER, DONCASTER.

ERRATA.

Page 15.—Line 24, for "await" read "awaits."
Page 16.—Line 17, for "danger's honour," read "danger's hour."
Page 19.—Line 11, for "them" read "then."
Page 21.—Line 10, for "sufferings" read "suffering."
Page 28.—Line 3, for "of" read "and"
Page 28.—Line 17, for "doth" read "doeth."
Page 34.—Line 8, at end of line, comma instead of period.
Page 37.—Fourth line from bottom, for "sooth" read "soothe.
Page 38.—Third line from bottom, for "was" read "wast.'
Page 52.—Line 3, for "To" read "So."
Page 59.—Line 21, for "age" read "aye."
Page 65.—Line 16, for "scars" read "tears."
Page 70.—Line 10, omit the word "the" at end of line
Page 73.—Last line but one, for "near" read "ne'er.'
Page 85.—Line 28, for "dieth" read "doeth."
Page 86.—Line 7, for "utmost" read "inmost."
Page 90.—Line 8, for "joys" read "cares."
Page 95.—Line 14, for "mouldering" read "moulding.
Page 96.—Line 18, for "place" read "price."
Page 111.—Line 3, for "right" read "high."
Page 120.—Line 9, for "near" read "ne'er.'
Page 127.—Line 5, for "better" read "bitter."
Page 132.—Line 24, for "manufacturers" read "manufactures.